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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Washington [Pa.] Reporter.

INFAMOUS DOCTRINES.

An abolition Convention was lately held in the city of New-York, in which many strange things were said and done. Mr. Phillips, of Boston, one of the delegates to this Convention, introduced and supported a resolution, the substance of which is as follows: "Resolved, *That it is the first duty of every American citizen to devote himself to the destruction of the American Union and the American Constitution.*"

Whether this resolution passed the Convention or not, we do not know, but the bare reception of it in any American assemblage is one of the many fearful evidences of the degeneracy of the times. In the purer days of the Republic—in the days of Washington, Madison, and others, the man who would have dared to offer such a resolution, in any public meeting, would have been driven from its presence "with shame and confusion of face." The author of such sentiments would in those better days have been overwhelmed with public scorn and ignominy; and would have been placed side by side with Benedict Arnold, the traitor. The immortal Washington, who waded through the blood of the Revolutionary War, and at its close was the President of that Convention which formed and framed the Union, and the Constitution, seemed to think it was the *first duty* of every citizen to *cherish, protect, and defend* that Union and that Constitution. He, above all other men, best knew what it cost to obtain those great charters and guaranties of our liberties—to purchase which he had seen our forefathers "pouring out their blood like water" on the battle-fields of the Revolutionary struggle. Knowing that such was the great price paid for this purchase, by our ancestors, he fondly trusted that their children, through all time to come, would never cease to uphold and protect them. So deeply was the Father of his country impressed with the great value of the American Union, that its safety—its perpetuity, was the idea above all others, which seemed to engross his whole soul, in his ever memorable Farewell Address. The American Union, and the American Constitution were the two great points, around which were encircled the warmest affections of him "who was first in war—first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

And yet, the first half century of the Constitution and Union has scarcely rolled away, when we behold the melancholy spectacle of American citizens boldly introducing and discussing in a Convention of American people, a resolution which declares "that it is the first duty of every American citizen to devote himself to the destruction of the American Union and the American Constitution." *O tempora! O mores!!*

FANATICISM.

The month of May in the city of New-York is a season of special interest to the religious and benevolent of all denominations. The anniversaries of the various benevolent institutions of the country are held there during this month. As of old, so now, when the children of God meet together, the sons of Belial assemble too, whose proceedings are always characterized by the most bitter criminations and harsh denunciation. Such was the temper of the ultra abolition convention held in that city. Garrison, Phillips and Fred. Douglass, the fugitive slave, denounced in most bitter terms the American churches, because of their indifference to the condition of the slave, as they affirm, while our noble Constitution was assailed with the most violent invective. They advocate boldly the dissolution of the Union, and seem resolved to move heaven and earth to accomplish it. A more cowardly and mean set of rascals we believe hardly exist than this same trio. Money making is at the bottom of all their sympathy for the slave; and the encouragement which they receive before Northern and British audiences but increases their impertinence and zeal. If they had the true spirit and courage of philanthropists, they would not be restrained by the feelings of the South from coming among us to spread light, if they have any, or to discuss the question of abolition. But we will not spend more paper and ink to speak of such men.—*Newbernian, N. C.*

From the New Orleans Bee, May 20.

The anniversary of a large number of societies took place in New-York during the past week. Conspicuous among them is the Anti-Slavery Society, of which the notorious WM. LLOYD GARRISON is President, and its doings certainly exhibited a queer spectacle. Anti-Slavery in the North is by no means an unit—its professors and advocates are divided by various opinions, chiefly relating to the propriety and expediency of open and organized warfare upon the institutions of the South. One faction, for instance, which terms itself the "Liberty Party," professes to be opposed to the violent and incendiary designs of the others. It affects to entertain some respect for the Constitution of the United States, and to regulate its hatred of Slavery, and its practical efforts to abolish it, by the restraints of the organic law. The "Liberty party" seek political power, claiming to use it constitutionally for the furtherance of their purposes. The Anti-Slavery party, on the other hand, of which the society in question is principally composed, are a rabid set of incurable fanatics, whose delusion and ignorance render them mere puppets, to be moved at the will of a few cunning leaders. This is the party that blaspheme Providence for not exterminating Slavery by a miraculous dispensation at a single stroke; that cover the country with the froth of their insane ravings, and denounce the Constitution as an infamous production, framed to protect inhumanity and crime.—These are the men who strive to send their miscreant emissaries to sow sedition at the South, whose ferocious fanaticism would exult at seeing every slaveholding State a prey to fire and steel. The Anti-Slavery Society is the great field for the development of their opinions.

At the recent celebration we perceive that WENDELL PHILLIPS, a prominent member, stigmatized DANIEL WEBSTER as a traitor and backslider, because that great man declared that he would ask for no better epitaph than the inscription on his tombstone: "Here lies one who was a friend to the Constitution." As the Abolitionists of the Phillips school regard the Constitution with most decided dislike, it is no wonder that they abuse Mr. Webster for standing up in defence of that instrument. The Constitution interferes with their charitable intentions, and Mr. Webster, is a champion of the Constitution—*ergo*, Mr. Webster, to use their own language, is a "dough-face," and a recreant. Of course he being considered little better than one of the wicked, Gen. Taylor is viewed in the light of an incarnate demon, and the entire Whig party, which have presented his name in connection with the office of the Presidency, are treated by Phillips, Garrison, and others, as a set of unmitigated villains. These delightful sentiments, so characteristic of a refined and generous philanthropy, were vehemently applauded by the society, but hissed by the assembled multitude.

The first day's meeting was wound up by a rich display. One Frederick Douglass—a runaway slave who had been despatched to England by the Abolitionists to be made much of by the old women of that country—was introduced to the assemblage, which he edified by a speech. We learn from a sketch of this production, that this woolly-headed patriot is of opinion that the Constitution of the United States should be shivered into a thousand pieces; and that British aid should be invoked to proclaim a crusade upon the South. The orator was particularly careful to inform the audience that in England the pigs and the dogs recognized him as a man—the former, we presume, grunted around him from a congenial sense of sympathy—and the latter doubtless howled in amazement at the unaccustomed spectacle. He did not enlighten his listeners upon many other points, but proved, after all, but a poor card, exhausting his powers in a mere tirade of slang and drivel concerning the South and her institutions.

We have given a bird's-eye view of these proceedings, simply that people in this quarter may understand what they have to apprehend. From such insane malignity and impotent vehemence of denunciation, little need be feared. With the exception of stealing our property whenever they can do so with impunity, this particular division of the Abolitionists can accomplish nothing. Their violence is innoxious, for it only disgusts and alienates the vast majority of Northern people, who, however hostile to Slavery in the abstract, retain a modicum of common sense and common honesty.

Selections.

From the Boston Whig.

THE ABINGTON CONVENTION.

To advocate at a public meeting, whether at the North or South, or anywhere in our country, insurrections of slaves, is, in any view of the case, criminal in the highest degree; in violation not only of the spirit and precepts of the Constitution—that passes for nothing with an Abolitionist—but equally in violation of what we understand by the principles of absolute right, or Providence. Such language as appears to have been employed at Abington, can tend to no other result—except as it may help to confirm those who uttered and approved it in some of their own pernicious principles—than to arm against the cause of freedom, every man whose mind is large enough for the reception of more than a single idea. No man of two ideas, shrinks more instinctively from a monomaniac, than from a thorough going Abolitionist. It is happy for our country that—allowing all possible credit and honour to the fearless band who first ventured in their great enterprise—at length, and in good time, this cause is now passing out of the hands of the technical Abolitionists, and, in the form of the Wilmot Proviso, is being received by the whole North. Let the passage of this resolution be secured through both houses of Congress, and become the law of the land, and the "domestic institution" is dead. In modified forms it must still exist for a few years—dying away, however, daily and hourly—but, before the present generation is gone, it will have ceased to exist. Abolitionism, as such, has finished its work; all that it now does or attempts to do is mischief. The work, as I have said, has passed into other hands, and is now to be completed in another way, in another spirit, and to a more perfect and rapid consummation. It is to be regretted, on their own account, that the Abolitionists should still cherish their principles of violence and exclusiveness. Moderate counsels in the politics of this subject; just and philosophical doctrines on its questions of humanity and right, will be found, in the long run, to effect infinitely more than madness and violence.

Mr. Remond, because a long and deep rooted evil like this of Slavery, an institution as old, and as wide-spread as the world, cannot be up-rooted in a day, or a year, coolly advocates *insurrection and massacre*, and the audience seems to have been ignorant, base, unprincipled, or thoughtless enough to have applauded the sentiment. But setting aside the atrocity of the sentiment, the man philosophizes about as wisely as he would, should he advocate the murder of all persons who would not agree, at his instance, to abandon all *vice*. That would be one way of curing the evil, perhaps; but it might be questioned whether it were the most judicious or the most according to the wisdom and plan of Providence. Though it cannot indeed be said that *Slavery* is a divine institution, any more than it can that *vice* is, properly speaking, a divine appointment and purpose, yet, it *is* true, that for inscrutable but real, purposes, both are permitted under divine laws which have obtained from the earliest times, and among all people. Human nature has been so framed that *Slavery* has always resulted. It has been so constituted, that *vice* has always resulted. If God thus creates the nature, and arranges the circumstances, under which this dreadful institution of Slavery exists and thrives, He leaving it, purposely, as we believe, (as in the case of *vice*) for *moral causes alone* to assail, and abridge, or annihilate the evil,—can it be less than impious, for man to propose to thrust himself in, with his summary method of insurrection and murder, to put the Almighty in the right? Does man know more than God? is man more merciful than his Maker? Is *he* a genuine philanthropist, who spares one class, by slaughtering another?

Were Remond a slave, just escaped from bondage, and in danger again to be returned to it, we could easily excuse his language; nay, he could use no other. A slave, suffering or apprehending all the horrors of that state, is absolved from all law but that of his own will. He has a right to his own freedom, and may secure it in any way, and by the use of any means, he thinks will best conduct to that end. He may kill; and, in him, it can be no murder. He may revolt, and slay; and he is in the way of his duty, if he thinks so. But not so with the other. Remond is a traitor to the country, to the Constitution, to Humanity. I can think of no style of language more unjustifiable, more in violation of the principle of all right, and all philosophy, as well as those of religion, than that used by this person at Abington—supposing it rightly reported—and, apparently, approved and endorsed by the members of the Convention.

From the (London) Inquirer.

ON THE PRESENT POSITION OF ENGLISH UNITARIANS,

IN REFERENCE TO THE AMERICAN SLAVERY QUESTION.

To the Rev. Edward Tagart, Secretary to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

MY DEAR SIR:—The observations made by some of the speakers during the long and warm discussion upon American Slavery, which occurred at the late Anniversary meeting of the Association, held at Hackney, on the 26th ultimo, lead me to think that the subject has not been examined into by many of our friends with all that attention which its importance demands, and I hope you will allow me the favour of addressing to you, as Honorary Secretary of the Association, a few remarks upon the present position of English Unitarians in reference to this question.

I will not make any comment upon the propriety, or irrelevancy, of the debate that occurred at Hackney; the INQUIRER of the 29th ultimo, furnishes an able report of all that took place, so that those members who did not attend the meeting, may form their own opinions of the proceedings. I am, however, anxious that the reason should be understood why we ought to be prepared for a re-agitation of the subject at any future anniversary, when allusion is made to our Unitarian brethren in the United States. Indeed, it does not seem improbable that, with our increasing insight into the character and the supports of American Slavery, some of our members may feel it a duty to bring the matter forward irrespective of any other reference to American Unitarians.

As no speaker at the meeting appeared to entertain a doubt of the sinfulness of Slavery, and all of them expressed or implied an abhorrence of the system, I have no occasion for entering into details of this iniquity, which are well known, or may be obtained from recent publications; but I am very desirous of directing attention to the *religious* aspect in which we must regard the Slavery of America, and of showing the manner in which it receives its main support from the *Church* associations of the United States.

Let it then be borne in mind, that in a country of professing Christians, three millions of its inhabitants, speaking the same language with the rest of its people, have the Bible sedulously withheld from them; that to teach them to read the Bible is a criminal offence, punishable in some places, on a repetition of the *crime*, by death. Yet great zeal exists in America for the spread of Christianity; large sums are collected by some of the religious bodies for the conversion of the heathen. Passing by three millions of their countrymen, as if they feared the Gospel would contaminate *them*, the missionaries, laden with Bibles, go forth to distant lands. The Reports of the Board of Foreign Missions, state, that their society converts annually about one thousand heathens to the religion of Christ; while, on the other hand, the birth-tables of the slave States show that seventy thousand slaves are every year brought into existence. So here are one thousand annual conversions abroad, and seventy thousand human beings born, and forced to remain heathens at home! Moreover, in the Christian communities of the United States, men, women, and children are sold to benefit theological seminaries; they are sold to purchase communion-plate:—their bodies are sold to procure Bibles, from which their souls are allowed to receive no benefit! The Bible, too, is brought forward to prove the lawfulness and desirableness of this system; while Ecclesiastical Synods have decided, that, in the case of slaves, some of its sanctions may be dispensed with, and especially that the marriage vow is not binding.

With such facts full in their view, it is not to be wondered at, that however much the American Abolitionists differ among themselves upon the mode of carrying out their anti-slavery purposes, there is one point upon which they are unanimous,—namely, that these evils, and all the others connected with Slavery, owe their continuance to the religion of the country,—that it is the respectability and support given by the Ecclesiastical bodies of their land, which maintains Slavery. Even Bishops and other ministers are frequently holders of slaves, and all the important lay-offices in the Church in the Southern States are often filled by slave-owners. Now the Abolitionists all agree in maintaining, that if, instead of the sanction thus given to this iniquity, ministers of the Gospel were to speak out against the national sin as its enormity demands, (instead of being *silent* upon it, or calling the Scriptures to furnish arguments in its defence,) Slavery would immediately terminate.

Upon those religious bodies in the United States which are most numerous, the greatest responsibility in the matter, of course, rests. These are the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Episcopalians; but I regret to believe, that the Unitarians, in proportion to their number, are almost as answerable as other sects, for the encouragement they afford to the continuance of Slavery.

The *personal* character which the Anti-Slavery contest in America is now assuming, occasions it to be painfully searching to the religious professions of that country, lay and clerical, and renders it very distasteful to us. But we must view the facts as they really are, and we shall find, that so long as denouncing "*Slavery in the abstract*," was all that was required of the friends of the slave, there was no deficiency in the number of his patrons, and no progress in the loosening of his chains. The true friends of the bondman, however, can no longer consent to treat Slavery as an *abstraction*, they look upon it as a grievous cruelty, and ~~~ ~~~ sin; they regard the slaveholder, and the supporters of the system, as *sinners*: and maintain that those only who thus view the matter can be considered as sincere in the desire to free their country from the guilt which now attaches to it.

The Abolitionists of America most feelingly appeal to the religious associations of this country to aid them with that moral influence which the expression of their opinions exerts upon the inhabitants of the United States. They urge us not to treat ministers, and other religious professors who either justify Slavery, or do nothing in behalf of the slave, with the cordiality shown to those who are devoting themselves to the service of the friendless negro. It may not be always easy for us, and especially for such as have not paid some attention to the controversy, to discriminate how far individuals from the United States are entitled to our esteem on account of the course they have pursued in reference to Slavery, and we are bound to be cautious and candid in our judgments. When, however, we find an American visiter severely censuring the Abolitionists for want of prudence, and for intolerance,—professing an abhorrence of Slavery, but making excuses for the slaveholder,—condemning the *sin*, but not admitting that there is any *sinner*:—when we ascertain that while declaring himself an Anti-Slavery man he has *done* nothing in favour of the slave: when he maintains that there are peculiar circumstances in the political, professional or social position of himself and others which we cannot understand, but which render the agitation of the subject undesirable, and imposes the "*duty of silence*," that its discussion will prove injurious to the interests of this or that religious sect, and instead of accelerating, will retard the emancipation of the slave;—when we meet with a person adopting this line of argument, we may feel pretty certain that his understanding or his conscience wants light on the Slavery question.

The "bigotry," "intolerance," "violence," "unchristian judgments," &c. &c. of the American Abolitionists, furnish a fruitful theme of condemnation upon both sides of the Atlantic. I will not undertake their exculpation; but before we join this indiscriminate censure, it will be well for us to make ourselves acquainted with their conflicts, their trials, their sacrifices, their unselfish devotion to the cause of human suffering, and especially with the obstacles opposed to them by the ministers and religious organizations of their country.

But occasions will occur, on which there will be no difficulty as to the appropriate line of our conduct. The American Unitarian Association, at the present moment, furnishes a good illustration of circumstances under which a sister society in Britain has, in my view, a right to offer remonstrance upon the Slavery question in any official communication that may be held with it. The first name on its list of officers, as given in the Boston "Unitarian Annual Register," for 1847, is that of the Rev. Dr. Dewey; and the last named of the fifteen Vice-Presidents, is Dr. Whitridge, of South Carolina. When Dr. Dewey was in England, in 1843, he asserted that he had been for many years a member of a secret society for the abolition of Slavery, and considered there was much injustice in its being thought (as was inferred from his mode of arguing on the subject) that he was but luke-warm in the cause of the slave. And yet, on his return to the United States, he published an Address, on "American Morals and Manners," in which he speaks of the coloured race as a "despised minority," separated from the white inhabitants by "impassible *physical*, if not mental, barriers"—an assertion made with the full knowledge of an almost white race of descendants of negroes at the South, the offspring of iniquity. And then, as a remedy for the evil of having a sixth part of his countrymen with skins differently coloured from his own, he recommends their removal from the soil of their birth (of inhabiting which their right is as strong as Dr. Dewey's) to distant territories!

Such are the sentiments of the *President* of the American Unitarian Association. And then, with regard to Dr. Whittridge, one of the *Vice-Presidents* nothing more need be said of him than the simple statement, that he is himself a holder of slaves.

Now, had these facts been fully known and considered, I can hardly suppose that some of the speakers at our meeting would have taken such low views of the Slavery question as their observations indicated.

One of our friends thought it inconsistent that having heretofore desired to fraternize with the American Unitarian Association, and to pass resolutions of sympathy towards our brethren in the United States, we should now all at once hesitate in expressing these sentiments. The answer is simple. We have now more light, and a clearer perception of duty. There was a time, in the memory of many of us, when merchants—who purchased human cargoes on the coast of Africa, subjected them to the horrors of the "middle passage," and then sold the survivors, to finish a miserable existence in cruel Slavery—were considered in our social circles to be as respectable as those whose capital was engaged in purchasing the ordinary necessaries of life. But, in the present day, who that was suspected of even an indirect connection with this infamous traffic would be tolerated in society?

It is now too late to expect that American Unitarian ministers visiting this country will altogether escape inquiry into their previous course on the Slavery question.

One gentleman, at the Hackney meeting, vouched for the Anti-Slavery sentiments of Dr. Parkman, whose condemnation of the Abolitionists, and whose inaction in the emancipation movement, had been adduced as proofs of his little interest in the welfare of the slave. I trust the defence is well founded; yet, should Dr. Parkman again come to England, he must be prepared to be called upon by many to show in what way he is helping on the cause of freedom, before a cordial welcome would be generally extended to him. If Dr. Dewey were to pay another visit to Great Britain, I believe he would not receive that unanimous invitation to the pulpits of our ministers which he met with formerly; and that, in our social circles, he would be held in diminished estimation. Such sentiments and conduct towards those whose society has been most gratifying to us, and whom we have been accustomed highly to appreciate, may appear to you and to other friends both illiberal and uncalled for. Most deeply do I regret the circumstances which have occasioned this painful change. But it will be wise for us to view the facts as they really exist; and I have little doubt that, before the next anniversary of our Association comes round, these sentiments, in reference to Unitarian ministers from America, will have gained much ground in our body. The current of Anti-Slavery feeling and information has set in too strongly to be stemmed by such considerations as were opposed to it at our late meeting. Zealous as we are, and I trust shall continue to be, for the spread of what we believe to be Gospel truth, there are many in our ranks who will be on the watch, that, while cherishing our Unitarianism, we are not forgetful of our Christianity.

Thus, then, the case appears to stand. The religious bodies of America, by their direct support of the system, or by their refusal to oppose it, are the "bulwarks of American Slavery." The Abolitionists of all parties call upon the churches of Great Britain, not to sanction their particular schemes for emancipating the slave, but to aid them in awakening the consciences of their countrymen to the sinfulness of their position; and they tell us that we cannot so effectually promote this object as by appeals from the various Christian denominations of our country, to those holding the same opinions in the United States. The Unitarians of America have less connection with Slavery than other religious bodies, owing to the comparative smallness of their numbers; still it is too clear that, to some extent, they share in the guilt of giving respectability and support to that institution which condemns three millions of their fellow-men to bodily degradation, and mental darkness. Is it, then, to be wondered at if those English Unitarians who consider American Slavery to be a sin of the deepest die, and who believe that their brethren in the United States either give it a direct sanction, or do not employ the power which their intelligence and moral position gives them in openly opposing it, should desire to avail themselves of every suitable opportunity of urging the Unitarians of America to exhibit, in their efforts to abolish Slavery, the influence of that pure Christianity by which they profess to be guided?

I am not undertaking to point out the fittest mode of addressing our friends on the other side of the Atlantic upon the subject. My object is to show that *we have this work to do*, and that the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association must not be surprised if many of its members will not allow the question to be passed over unnoticed in any future intercourse they may officially hold with the American Unitarian Association.

I rejoice in the conviction that the Unitarians of Britain have not been altogether supine in this Christian cause. The hundred and ninety ministers, who, in 1843, saw it to be their duty to urge their trans-atlantic brethren to increased exertion in behalf of the slave, did great credit to our body, furnished a valuable example to other religious communities, and elicited a strong protest from a hundred and seventy-three Unitarian ministers of America against Slavery. Though from both the English and American Address respected and influential ministers withheld names that would have done honour to the documents, as well as to the signers, the measure was regarded as one of great value to the Anti-Slavery movement. It afforded much encouragement to the noble band of Abolitionists in America, and received from them the warmest acknowledgments.

It is not by hard names and vituperation that intelligent and conscientious men in America are to be driven into seeing the line of their duty with other eyes than their own; but I cannot believe that earnest, affectionate, Christian appeals to the Unitarians of the United States, to review, and re-review their position with respect to this solemn question, will pass by them unheeded. I am aware they maintain that there is a total inability on our part to enter into all the circumstances of their situation sufficiently to form a correct judgment of what they ought to do. I believe, however, that removed as we are from their influences, their prejudices, and their temptations, we can discern more clearly than they can, the pointings of their duty.

In conclusion, I am much inclined to hope that one of the effects of the late discussion will be, to induce some of our friends who have hitherto taken little interest in American Slavery, and the efforts of the Abolitionists, to direct their attention to the subject. They will, I am sure, be amply repaid for the trouble it may cost them. Let them not be deterred, by surveying the boundless fields of philanthropic labour at home, from contemplating the remoter evils of a distant land. The American Abolitionists do not act upon this principle. Engaged, as they are, in their arduous enterprise, and needing all the pecuniary resources they can obtain, no class of their countrymen has contributed more generously than they have towards the relief of our starving Irish.—But America is no longer a *distant* land; the waters that separate her from us may be traversed in fourteen days. Nor is her Slavery a *remote* evil; it sheds a baneful influence upon the interests and sympathies which unite us with that favoured country, impeding the stream of friendly feeling that springs from the contemplation of her many virtues, checking our admiration of her free institutions, and disinclining us to reap that enjoyment and that advantage which visiting the magnificent scenery of her lakes and forests, and unreservedly communing with the noble minds of her inhabitants, would, under other circumstances, prove so high a privilege. This plague-spot instils its poison even into those charities which dignify and endear international intercourse. The munificent testimonial, approving of the conduct of the Free Church of Scotland, in their recent struggle for independence, offered by the Southern States of America, was looked upon with coldness by many; and the cry of "Send back the money" was not faintly heard from those whose cause the contributions were intended to help! Even in a Relief Committee in Ireland, members of the most benevolent character were found (conscientiously, if not judiciously) protesting against the reception of the money of slaveholders, though sent to save the perishing Irish from the horrors of famine. These signs of growing public sentiment on the Slavery question ought not to be overlooked.

But however much we may be induced, in consequence of the direct influences of Slavery upon our intercourse and sympathy with the people of America, to do what we can, either as individuals or as a religious body, towards the removal of the evil, I trust that the contemplation of such a mass of sin and misery as we know to exist among three millions of human beings in the heart of a civilized community, will impel us to take the higher ground of Christian duty, in availing ourselves of all the reasonable means in our power, and of every proper occasion, to aid in its removal. Whenever, on future anniversaries, such opportunities present themselves, I believe that, by embracing them, we shall promote, and not impair, the best interests of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

I am, my dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
J. B. ESTLIN.

BRISTOL, June 7, 1847.

From the Morning Star.

PROTEST AND DECLARATION OF SENTIMENT OF FREE-WILL BAPTIST MINISTERS UPON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

Whereas, the system of American Slavery is not only a political curse to the States where it exists, and the nation—increasing our taxes, threatening our peace and prosperity, injuring our reputation, and darkening our prospects; but is also a direct violation of the law of Benevolence, and the obligations enforced by our Religion; setting aside necessarily that great fundamental principle of equality, which is necessary to the happiness of all human society; trampling under foot those relations on which every social privilege and enjoyment is based; sustaining and encouraging war, licentiousness, gambling, Sabbath-breaking, profanity, and almost every sin with which our land is cursed; preventing not only the influence but the preaching of the Gospel, and the promulgation of the truths of the Bible; withholding from almost one-sixth of our entire population, even the instruction necessary to a knowledge of the plan of salvation;—Therefore, we, the undersigned, ministers of the Free-Will Baptist Connexion, consider it our duty to state definitely our views and position upon this subject, and to present before the world our solemn protest against the continuance of this fearful outrage upon humanity.

Believing, as we do, that the sympathy of no holy being in the Universe can for a moment be given to this foul system, and that neither the principles of the Gospel, nor indications of Providence constitute the least apology for its continuance, we wish publicly to withdraw all implied or supposed voluntary political or moral support of this enormous evil. Our necessary and involuntary connection with the civil and social organizations now existing, which seems to give to each of us the character and reputation of the body, unless by personal public dissent from their errors and crimes we throw the responsibility exclusively upon those who support the evils of which we complain, renders it more necessary for us to announce our unwillingness to sanction the system of Slavery in any manner whatever. The view thus taken of the subject will render it perfectly inconsistent for us to give our suffrages or religious influence for the support of Slavery.

We therefore, by refusing to support Slavery, its principles, or its advocates, and by withholding Christian and church fellowship from all guilty of the sin of Slavery, and by remembering those in bonds as bound with them, would wish to wash our hands from the guilt of this iniquity.

Believing our principles just, and the position we occupy such as God can approve and defend, and trusting in Almighty Grace, we pledge for the support of these principles, and those in which they are embodied, OUR EARNEST PRAYERS, OUR COMBINED INFLUENCE, AND OUR MOST VIGOROUS EFFORTS.

Daniel Clay,
Lewis H. Whitham,
Oren B. Cheney,
J. L. K. Staples,
Zachariah Jordon,
Enoch Place,
B. Van Dame,
John L. Cooley,
Austin Wheeler,
Nathaniel K. George,
Stephen Perry,
C. L. Vail,
Hosea Washburn,
Samuel Stover,
James Stevens,
Jesse Meader,
James Rand,
Benjamin Thorn,
David Lancaster,
Daniel B. Lewis,
Nathan J. Robinson,
Andrew Rollins,
Robert H. Douglass,
John O. Hackett,
Henry Mender,
A. C. Andrus,
Thomas S. Tyler,
John Stevens,
Barnard Goodrich,
Joel Spaulding,
Nathaniel Purinton,
Henry Blackmarr,
Miles S. Scribner,
Abiel W. Hobbs,
Benj. D. Peck,
Lowell Parker,
James Rand,
B. S. Baxter,
F. Moulton,
Cyprian S. Pratt,
Joseph Foss,
Andrew Jaquith,
John Stealy,
Jonathan Woodman,
T. P. Moulton,
H. W. Harris,
Moses Folsom,
Moses A. Quimby,
Daniel Quimby,
Oliver Johnson,
Horatio N. Plumb,
T. C. Partridge,
Wm. H. Littlefield,
Peleg Matteson,
Silas H. Davis,
Seth C. Parker,
Charles Pierce,
James Ashley,
B. E. Parker,
Squire S. Cady,
John Dearbolt,
James Reeve,
S. E. Foust,
Nathaniel Berry,
Chester Chaffee,
C. H. Smith,
Moses Shepherd,
Wm. Small,
Henry Gale,
William Phillips,
Jacob Jones,
Joseph Fullonton,
Goram P. Ramsey,
Jesse Burnham,
Joshua Newbold,
Charles B. Egan,
Edward Jordan,
David Smutz,
Ithamar Pelton,
Jonas Allen,
Emory Cherry,
Solomon Howe,
O. Chase,
Eli Card,
F. F. Judd,
Stephen Krum,
James R. Pinneo,
A. D. Williams,
John Cook,
Rufus Cheeney,
Abner Coombs,
Alonzo E. Hoag,
Nathan Bishop,
John Johns,
Joshua Cunningham,
James Strout,
Jacob Gage,
Luther Pierce,
Levi Kellogg,
Josiah Fowler,
David Winton,
Frank Wells,
Alva Prescott,
John Pike,
J. M. Woodman,
Thomas Gilpatrick,
Colamore Purington,

Franklin P. Augir,
Almon Jones,
Elijah Watson,
Peter Clark,
Thomas Perkins,
Amos Brown,
John Kimball,
Dudley Pettengill,
Ebenezer Fisk,
John Pinkham,
Smith Fairfield,
John Chick,
Tobias Foss,
Carlton Small,
Elias Hutchins,
Ransom Dunn,
Ezekiel True,
A. D. Smith,
D. P. Cilley,
Daniel Batchelder,
N. Brooks,
S. W. Perkins,
Cummins Paris,
John M. Russell,
L. S. Wells,
E. P. Newell,
C. E. Blake,
Samuel Shaw,
Abiram Toms,
Thomas Dimm,
Wm. W. Eastman,
Geo. W. Richardson
Benj. McKoon
Isaac Eaton
John Young
S. P. Thatcher
C. P. Goodrich
Leonard Kingsbury
Jonathan Brown
Nathaniel Bard
Willard Stickney
Jedediah Smith
A. C. Newman
J. S. Weeks,
A. Adkinson
Lewis Gould
George S. Walker
E. F. Stiles
Roger Ide
John Courtenay
Goodwin Evans
S. D. Kenaston
Oscar E. Baker
Amos Austin
A. Pierce
Nathaniel Philbrick
Thomas Blandin
Benj. Cope
I. S. Parsons
N. A. Jackson
C. M. Sewall
S. D. Millay
Jesse Bennett
J. R. Towle
Jacob Avery
S. G Smutz
S. B. Seaman
Wm. Abbot
Wm. Smith
Samuel T. Catlin
A. K. Moulton
J. L. Sinclair,
Sargent Shaw
B. S. Manson
Samuel Whitney
P. M. Hobson,
C. O. Libby,
Andrew Hobson,
Jonathan Clay,
Allen Mead,
Wm. H. Hall
Hiram Gilman
Horace Perry
Hiram Whitcher
Alanson Draper
Samuel Julian
Isaac Scott
Major Chamberlain
Rufus Parks
Sylvester Torrey
John F. Lothropp
Isaac Norton, jr.
John Ketzler
Joseph Bryant
Daniel Chase
J. D. Heath
David Dudley
Charles B. Mills
Erastus Harvey
James Bird
Stephen Williamson
Wentworth Haydan
Joseph Withee
E. H. Hart
Oliver McKenney
M. Knowles
H. Cherry

Thomas J. Oliver,
Ephraim Harding,
Cyrus Stilson,
Mark Merrill,
John Davis, jr.
Josiah Parker, jr.
John Spinney,
R. M. Carey,
R. R. Foster,
Geo. W. Whitney,
Samuel Hazeltine,
Solon Royal,
Ebenezer C. Willey,
Asa F. Hutchinson,
J. H. Phinney,
Wm. Jeffers,
Peleg Kinyon,
Wm. P. Cool,
Abel Aldrich,
Erastus W. Norton,
S. S. Lanning,
James Tyler,
Mason Pierce,
Lorin J. Maddin,
Wm. R. Norton,
Wm. Woodsum,
Gilman D. Garland,
John Marsh,
Thomas Robie,
Ezra Tuttle,
Ephraim Winslow,
M. W. Burlingame,
Wm. A. Lighthall,
A. W. Ensign,
John Castleton,
Stephen Crosby,
Freeman Dart,
Obadiah B. Buffum,
B. H. Damon,
Nathaniel K. Sargent,
Daniel Jackson,
James Fernald,
Aaron Ayer,
Theodore Stevens, jr.
David H. Lord,
Geo. W. Bean,
Benj. S. Lombard,
S. H. Wilcox,
Hiram Brooks,
Abel Adams,
Almon Shepherd,
Warren King,
H. K. Crain,
David Calley,
Eli Clark
Isaac Jackson
Nathan Moxley
Nelson Hartshorn
Amaziah Loomis
Silas Bates
Philip Wright
Benj. Bundy
Wm. Whitefield
John Sweat
O. F. Willis
Austin Woodard
Sodonnick Squires
A. C. Fuster
Samuel Newell
G. W. Town
John Willis
B. Streeter
G. E. Abbott
Nelson Thomas
Henry Rounds
Peter Pardy
Flavel Bartlett
R. L. Harvey
Henry Belden
Cyrus Dudley
David Smith
Rensselair Bennett
John H. Loveliss
Levi C. Warrener
George W. Taylor
Thomas Montague
Jacob Ingerick
Samuel Lewis
Moses Stevens
Alexander Taylor
Johnson Rideout

Jared H. Miner
S. Hadley
J. Webb
John Webster
Roger Ela
Geo. A. Stebbins
Samuel S. Branch
Selah Barrett.
Wm. Hooper
Simeon Cleveland
Ardin Cobb
Jacob Decker
Edward Clark
Russell Way
S. Hart
S. B. Padden
A. Grifeth
J. L. Bingham
J. F. Balcom
E. Bigelow
J. N. Miles
G. Jenkins
Geo. W. Webb
Asa Messer
Paul Chase
John W. Lewis
Gerge W. Jessaman
Daniel P. Chase
John J. Brown
Asahel Blodget
Samuel Lord
Orange Dike
Edward Fay
Lorin E. Bixby
Ezra B. Fuller
Erastus Ensign
Frederick Walker
Wm. C. R. Peck
Warner Bebee
Gilman I. Branch
Jacob Stewart
Samuel Mack
J. Sherwood
Selden Butler
Dutton Stiles
Benj. Tolman
Hiram Holmes
J. C. Tyler
A. Sargent
Barlow Dyer
Silas Gove
Wm. Hodges
C. H. Smith
Jonathan Rowe
Amos Emery
Jesse Cross
Isaac Peasley
J. O. D. Bartlett
C. H. Richardson
Nathan Jones, 2d
J. W. Hills
Luther Minor
Peter Pardy
Edward Clark
Joseph B. Davis
Steven Hutchinson
Edward Blaisdell
Asahel Nichols
Samuel Bush
Stephen Lewis
Wm. E. Foye
Jeferson Small
Wm. C. Byer
Alverdo Wait
J. W. Crandall
Daniel S. Starr
Calvin Dodge
M. G. Mitchell
Z. Leak
Thomas Darling
Peter Lansing
John F. Tufts
John Hisey
Calvin Moxley
Thomas Dudley
Alvah J. Buker
Wm. Mack
George W. Gellerson
Wm. Doble
Wm. Getchell
Joseph Gowin.

We have endeavoured to be careful to affix all the names to the Protest which have been forwarded; but still some may have been overlooked. If so, we will publish such names hereafter, if desired. Also, if any ministers who have not yet sent in their names wish them added to the list, they will inform us, and it shall be done.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The two following articles are from the Boston Courier. The first is a communication, and the second, apparently, an editorial commentary, such as we have not been accustomed to look for or see in the Courier. That paper has been heretofore a leader in all good causes, not the cautious follower of the crowd that begins at length to find the right road:

A Sabbath sun will shine on this anniversary of our country. The gladsome peal of bells, the noise of cannon, and the confusion of our streets, will all be postponed, leaving the 4th of July to quiet, and the thick-coming thoughts, which that day cannot fail to excite, when undisturbed by the din of celebration. With our best meditations, then, let us keep the day, and strive to moralize its deep significance.

It is the Sabbath of our country. At its annual return the flame of patriotism is refreshed, and our hearts gratefully turn to the fathers, whose courage and self-sacrifice made this day worthy of commemoration. We behold with reverence the forms of those civil heroes, whose firmness in council was only equalled by that of Washington in war. We listen again to the nervous eloquence of John Adams, animating his associates in Congress to *Independence*; we hang upon the sententious wisdom of Franklin, and are enkindled by the fervid devotion to freedom which flamed from the heart of Jefferson. In the repose of God's Sabbath, to-morrow, we may, perhaps, hope to approach to a nearer comprehension of these great spirits, than in the turmoil of a municipal celebration. We may lay aside the vulgar exultation by which the day is too often degraded, and study, in sincerity and soberness, the grand principles which they lived to uphold.

And what were they? Their own Declaration of Independence sets them forth. "*We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.*" It was to sustain these truths that they pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honours. Grander truths have never been proclaimed in political history. Magna Charta and English Bills of Rights dwindle in the comparison.

Mark the unhesitating boldness of the language. It is not doubtful, debatable, or imperfect truths which are declared. They are "self-evident."—Then observe the first broad truth—broad as humanity: "All men are created equal." Here was a blow to tyranny of all kinds; to the distinctions of birth; to the well-defined caste of nobility; to the hateful institution which recognizes a property in man. Then follows another annunciation. Men are not only created equal. Our fathers went further. "They are endowed with certain *unalienable rights*." That is, they have certain rights, which cannot be taken from them,—which are a part of them, and which they can never forfeit, except as a penalty for crime. These rights no individual or Government can curtail, without a violation of the first principles of justice. And what are they?—"Among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Yes. Every human brother, created in the image of God, may justly claim to have these unquestionable rights guarded with sacred care.—His life shall be safe. His liberty shall be sustained. His pursuit of happiness, in that way which best pleases him, shall be assured to him. "To secure these rights Governments are instituted among men." Most true. It is on this account that men readily submit to the restraint of laws and constitutions. Still further; Governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Only on this consent can a Constitution be justly reared.

Such are the truths which shine with unquenchable diamond lustre, in our Declaration of Independence. To their conservation, extension, and application, the Fourth of July should be consecrated. Let us not praise the fathers merely, but seek to comprehend their principles, and make them vital in our own lives.

Turn we to our own age. Is there no need of a fresh proclamation of these truths—more, indeed, than when they flowed from the pen of Jefferson, and when John Adams thundered in their support? It was for *political* freedom that our fathers undertook the hazards of the Declaration of Independence, and appealed to the avenging sword. Their grievance, their *Slavery*, was the necessity of paying a few pence more or less on certain things, under the direction of a Parliament in which they were not represented. At this time their number amounted to about *two* millions, according to Mr. Burke, though our writers have called it *three*.

In our own country, at this moment, there are *more than three millions of fellow-men*, deprived not merely of *political* freedom, but what is infinitely more precious, *personal* freedom,—cut off from "the pursuit of happiness," and sold like cattle.—No just or humane person can fail to perceive that the grievance of our fathers was as a feather compared with the rod of oppression which we now hold over these unfortunate *fellow-countrymen*. If *two millions* were justified in resisting by force the assumptions of the British Parliament, as contrary to the law of nature, the principles of the common law, and the rights of freedom, then, the *three millions*, into whose souls we thrust the iron of the deadliest Slavery the world has yet witnessed, would be justified in resisting by force the power that holds them in bondage.

As we discern this inevitable conclusion, we confess that we feel little disposition to gratulation or pride on the 4th of July. We recoil from the mockery of reading, with municipal pomp, the Declaration of Independence, while our country still tramples upon its cardinal truths. We shrink from the contemplation of the bloody consequences which would ensue, if our own slaves were true to the principles declared by our fathers, and to their example. The procession may move in its stately march, to the sound of inspiring music; the orator may extol the blessings of freedom and the triumphs of his country; but our feelings cannot wait on this vain ceremonial. We hurry in imagination to the distant slaves, smarting under the lash of an arbitrary task-master, or chained in coffles and driven to the exhausting labour of the sugar plantations of more Southern States, while husband is separated from wife, and parent from child, and all the ties of love and blood, and companionship, are rudely severed at the command of a mortal like ourselves. As this dismal scene rises before us, it clouds all the brightness of the hour;

The pomp is darkened, and the day o'ercast.

Let us cease, then, a parade, which is untimely and unwise. Let us greet this anniversary with the chastened solemnity of a Sabbath, on which we are to rest, as by the side of one of life's milestones, while we meditate on the past, and send our anxious, hopeful gaze, forward into the future.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR NATIONAL BIRTH-DAY will be celebrated this day throughout our country. In fulfilment of the prediction of JOHN ADAMS, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, will tell the story to the heavens, and the acclamations of millions of hands and voices will proclaim the gratitude of millions of hearts for the blessing of national independence.

It is seventy-one years since a small body of men the representatives of a population, which hardly amounted to three millions, boldly declared themselves and their constituents free from the Government of a foreign power. The act was a daring and hazardous one, but bravely and successfully was it borne out to a glorious consummation. Not many of those who saw that eventful day are now alive to partake in the blessings it brought, or to join in thanksgivings that will this day be uttered. Let those, who inherit the legacy, enjoy it with innocence, guard it with careful solicitude, and bequeath it to posterity in all its original unspotted pureness.

It is believed that there are some among us, who think, or affect to think, that we gained little or nothing by our war for independence and freedom from the reproachful character of a provincial fraction of a mighty kingdom. Others there are, who charge us with an abuse of our national liberty, and a dishonourable dereliction from the principles on which we declared and achieved our independence, while we permit the institution of domestic slavery to exist within our borders. It is true that the slavery of the African race is a stain on our national republican character. It *is* a grievous wrong to hold in everlasting bondage so many of those, who, whatever may be their relative rank in the scale of being, are invested by our common Creator with the characteristic attributes of humanity. It is too true that no institutions of morals, religion, or Government are absolutely perfect. No individual or national good is unmingled with something that in itself is evil. It is wise to strive to purify our institutions and accelerate their progress to perfection. And while we lament our manifold aberrations, let us be thankful that we are no more obnoxious to the charge of inconsistency than those nations which make such boastful pretensions to supremacy in all that constitutes national virtue. If there are three millions of human beings held in slavery in some parts of our country, it is consoling to know that none of them ever die of starvation; and, though deprived of civil privileges, they are far happier than ten times their number of the oppressed and starving peasantry of some of the monarchical Governments of Europe. There probably is not a negro in all our widely extended country, who would willingly exchange his condition for that of a labourer in the manufactories or coal mines of England, or relinquish the provision made for him by his master—humble though it be—for the glorious liberty of starving in Ireland, and dying of famine under a Government which has no sympathy for the sufferer and no rule of right but its capacity to subjugate and oppress.

But, on this joyous day we have no desire to apologize for national sins or to reproach other nations for wickedness which God, in his own good time, will visit with righteous retribution. "Without lamenting what is past, or fearing what is to come, let us enjoy the present with a cheerful and a thankful heart."

Through toiling care and lengthened views, that share alike our span,
Gay, smiling Hope her heaven pursues, the eternal friend of man;
The darkness of the days to come she brightens with her ray,
And smiles o'er Nature's gaping tomb, when sickening to decay.

From the Liberator.

VISIT OF PRESIDENT POLK TO BOSTON.

During the past fortnight, President Polk has been journeying eastward from Washington to Boston, via Philadelphia, New-York, New-Haven, Springfield, and Worcester, and intends visiting Concord, N. H. and Augusta, Me. He has received, on his route, such demonstrations of popular "respect for his office," and of party regard for himself, as might be expected on the part of a people lost to all self-respect and true virtue. He arrived in this city on Tuesday, and was met by the city authorities, the military, and a procession of citizens; and though his reception was not an enthusiastic one, it was unfortunately a very wet one, for the weather was quite rainy. On Wednesday forenoon, he was escorted to Charlestown, to catch a glimpse of the Bunker Hill monument, (we do not learn that he had any of his slaves with him on the occasion, as did his "illustrious predecessor," John Tyler,) and to examine the Navy Yard, and in the afternoon took the cars for Lowell. Of the thousands that crowded the streets of this city, very few were actuated by any other feeling than that of curiosity to see the man; and few, faint, and far between, were the cheers that went up as he passed along through the various streets.

For what does such a man deserve to be honoured? True, he is the President of the United States; but has he not acted the part of an unscrupulous usurper since he occupied that station? Has he not designedly plunged this nation into a war of unparalleled iniquity, in contempt of his constitutional oath, for the purpose of extending the boundaries of Slavery, and augmenting indefinitely the slave power? Is he not the robber of the poor—the defender of wholesale licentiousness and cruelty—a man-stealer?

Below, is a letter which was sent to him, during his sojourn in this city, in behalf of the friends of impartial liberty and universal emancipation in this Commonwealth. It deals in no circumlocution, but appeals to his understanding and conscience in the most cogent manner.

TO JAMES K. POLK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

SIR:—Your visit to Boston presents a suitable opportunity to ask of you the immediate performance of an act, which is demanded alike by inflexible justice, the natural instinct of the human soul, and the unchangeable law of God.

We address you simply as the friends of liberty and equality, in no partisan state of mind, and for no political object; with all the respect that may be considered due to your elevated station, yet with that frankness of manner and plainness of speech which an occasion like this demands.

You are a slaveholder. Men, women, and children, are by you held in Slavery—recorded in your ledger as chattels personal—worked like brutes, without wages or stipulation, under the lash of a driver, and fraudulently and tyrannically deprived of all their just earnings.

No greater sin can be committed against God, no more atrocious crime against man, than this. He who commits it in this age of the world, and especially in a land so full of light, and knowledge as our own, is pre-eminently guilty. It is man-stealing—an act, in comparison with which, the crime of theft, burglary, or arson, "whitens into virtue."

It is fair to measure you by your own standard. You claim to be a genuine Democrat, and have been placed in the Presidential chair by a party claiming to be purely Democratic. Is not this a fundamental doctrine of Democracy, that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" Yet you hold men as your property, "to all intents, purposes, and constructions whatsoever," and do not blush! You kidnap human beings, and, like Pharaoh of old, refuse to liberate your miserable victims! With you, practically, Democracy is synonymous with man-stealing; for no man would be regarded by you, or by the party to which you belong, as a true Democrat, who should denounce slaveholding as a crime. This is the extreme of human inconsistency—the acme of human criminality.

But, more than this—you profess to be a follower of Christ, and are, we understand, connected with a professedly Christian Church, as a member of his spiritual body. How, then, dare you to make merchandise of those, for whom Christ suffered and died, that they might be redeemed in common with the rest of mankind? Did he not come expressly to set the captive free, and to put an end to all oppression? Has he not taught us to do unto others, whatsoever we would that they should do unto us? What greater outrage can be perpetrated upon Christianity, than to make the profession of it compatible with holding our fellow-creatures in hopeless bondage?

The Bey of Tunis is no Christian; yet, "for the glory of God, and to distinguish man from the brute creation," he has nobly emancipated all his slaves, and made Slavery unlawful throughout his dominions. Henceforth, every slave fleeing from any part of the world to Tunis, is declared to be free, as soon as he touches the soil.

The Autocrat of all the Russias is no Democrat; yet, with many of his nobles, he has emancipated a numerous serf population, and designs to extirpate serfdom in every part of his immense empire.

You claim to be a Democrat and a Christian; yet you are a slaveholder—to this hour, an incorrigible slaveholder! Before the whole world, the Bey of Tunis and the Russian Autocrat put you to open shame.

The fact that you occupy a high station is no proof of your worthiness, but only demonstrates the gross wickedness which prevails in the land. Truly, it may be affirmed at this day, as of old—"The rulers of the people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed."

Emancipate your slaves. Every one of them is your equal by birth, and an eternal destiny. The act may be attended with difficulties; but, be assured, it will redound to your imperishable renown, and in life and in death be to you a source of exhaustless felicity. But, while you hold them in bondage, your hands will be stained with blood, and your garments with pollution; and their cries against you will continue to enter the ear of the Lord of Sabbaoth, until his judgments shall be fully executed upon you.

As President of the United States, if an American citizen should be caught in the act of reducing a native-born African to slavery, whether by purchase or violence, on the coast of Africa, you would officially pronounce him to be a pirate, and order him to be hanged, under the law of Congress. By what epithet, then, should you be characterized, and what should be the punishment (on the score of impartial judgment) meted out to you, who are keeping in bondage scores of native-born *Americans?*

Reflect! God is no respecter of persons, and HE IS JUST! Hear, and obey his voice:—"UNDO THE HEAVY BURDENS, BREAK EVERY YOKE, AND LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE."

In behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, Prest,
EDMUND QUINCY, Cor Sec'y.
ROBERT F. WALCUT, Rec. Sec'y.

[Signed, also, by the Board of Managers, and by Samuel May, Jr. General Agent]
Boston, June 29, 1847.

Garrison!—We are enabled to state, (and we do so with unfeigned pleasure,) that WM. LLOYD GARRISON of Boston, well known as the editor of the *Liberator*, and the pioneer of the present Anti-Slavery movement in this country, may be expected to address the people of Herkimer and the adjacent counties, at the village of Little Falls, on or about the 20th of September next. Mr. G. will be then (God willing) on his way homeward from the State of Ohio, whither he is going to spend a few weeks during the present summer.

It is perhaps needless to remind our readers that we do not altogether concur with Mr. G. in his view of the Constitution of the United States and of the ways and means of abolishing the giant crime of American Slavery. But we know him to be an earnest, able, and genuine philanthropist, a man of pure and blameless life and that he has been perhaps as widely misrepresented and misunderstood, as bitterly hated and persecuted, and as unsparingly denounced in high places and low places, as any person since the days of Christ and his apostles. For these reasons, let all honest men and women—all genuine friends of Truth, Justice, and Humanity—come and hear Mr. G. in September.—*Herkimer Freeman.*

TESTIMONY OF THE FRIENDS AGAINST WAR AND SLAVERY.

In the "Minutes" of the New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, for 1847, lately holden at Newport, Rhode Island, is the subjoined "testimony" against War and Slavery:

"Among the exercises which have been with us during our deliberations this time, has been a concern for the consistent and upright maintenance by all our members of our testimony to the unchristian nature of all wars and fightings—testimony in accordance with the belief and practice of the primitive followers of Christ. We are liable at this time to some peculiar temptations on this account. Our country is involved in war with a neighbouring nation, and armies are contending in the field; and the testimony of the Scripture, that 'every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood,' is brought home to us by frequent intelligence from the scene of strife. We earnestly desire that all our dear friends may be mercifully preserved in a Christian frame of mind under these trying circumstances.

"To the humble follower of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, but who, as a stranger and pilgrim here, is journeying towards another country, that is, a heavenly—how do the destructions and horrors of the field of battle, or the city made desolate by an encompassing foe, the tears of the widow, and the cries of the orphan, fill his mind with sorrow! He can have no sentiment allied to rejoicings at scenes like these. His soul must be clothed with mourning and his spirit with lamentation, and his prayer will be, that the day may be hastened when the nations shall learn war no more.

"Our dear friends are affectionately entreated to be careful how they expose themselves unnecessarily to temptations calculated to lead the mind from a right frame of thoughts on these subjects; or by mingling with those who take delight in such strife, become in any measure leavened into their spirit; that in all our intercourse with the world, we may manifest ourselves to be followers of Him whose advent was announced by the song of the heavenly host, of peace on earth and good will to men.

"In contemplating the present war in which our country is engaged, its exceeding wickedness has been forcibly presented to us, not only in its direct consequences as a war, but in the principal object, which, as we believe, produced it, namely, the perpetuation and extension of Slavery. We have been concerned that our members may keep ever before them the miseries and sinfulness inseparable from the practice of holding our fellow-men in bondage, and its utter inconsistency with the command of Christ, Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; and that we fail not, faithfully, in the fear of the Lord, to bear our testimony against it, not feeling excused therefrom in consequence of its practical enactment not coming immediately before our view in this part of our land."

From the Worcester Spy.

THE PATRIARCHAL INSTITUTION

Northern men, when they once overcome the principles in which they were educated, as to undertake to defend or justify Slavery, are not generally mealy-mouthed about it, but "go the whole figure at once." A correspondent of the Boston Post, who is travelling at the South, writes a letter from Charlotte, North Carolina, containing the following rare specimen of *Democracy*, which is published in the Post, without a word of dissent:

"I do not think that blacks in any portion of the United States, *should be entitled to the privileges of citizenship;* but I will contend that Massachusetts, as a State, has just as much *right* to make citizens of them, as South Carolina has to keep them slaves. They both have a most undoubted right to do so, and I am not disposed to deny it to either.

"I think there was a little lack of courtesy from South Carolina towards her Northern sister respecting her agent, but hope all the Southern States will continue to serve Northern Abolitionists as they did Fairbanks and Torrey; when they find them in a same or a like business.

"It will be my highest pleasure when I go North, to *defend Southern institutions*, both privately and publicly; and to speak with pride of the good feeling existing in the South towards the North, and Northern citizens in general.

"The Northern man who abuses and villifies Southerners and Southern institutions, and *particularly the institution of Slavery*, unless he has lived in Southern States, and consequently has some knowledge of the subject he is discussing, *is a slanderer and a villain*, and his opinion is worthy of no more attention than would be a Chinese treatise on the manners and customs of the Esquimaux Indians."

If the Post and its correspondent intend to characterize all who condemn "the institution of Slavery" as "slanderers and villains," they will probably have their hands full of business. We do not see what difference it makes, whether those who condemn it have "lived in the Southern States" or not. If a fundamental principle of right and justice is violated, personal observation of the extent of the evil created thereby, can never change or modify the principle, and is therefore not required to enable us to judge of its violation. And it appears to us that the assumption, that those who have not resided at the South, can have no knowledge upon the subject, is rather a violent one. At the risk, therefore, of being denounced as a "slanderer and a villain," we shall continue to condemn the "institution of Slavery" in all its forms, and in every place, and shall do what little lies in our power to prevent its further extension. If the Post is disposed to take opposite ground, we trust it will find very few, even of its own party in the free States, to uphold it in such a course.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1847.

British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Our readers will already have noticed the extraordinary discussion, which was had before this body at their late anniversary, in reference to an invitation addressed to individuals of their number to be present with us at our anniversaries. That this friendly letter, sent in no official form, but from Christian friends to Christian friends, expressive of affection and respect, should have been made the occasion of such a debate, by an association to whom it was not addressed, and still more of reflections personal and injurious, on a subject totally irrelevant, and betraying an entire misconception of the real opinions of those who were thus uncharitably censured,—could not fail to excite surprise. It is due, however, to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to say, that the discussion to which we refer, was occasioned by only a few individuals; and was considered by the rest, of whom were the most distinguished and influential members, as alike irrelevant and uncourteous.—The proposal, with which it was connected, was finally rejected by a very large majority; only fifteen voting in favour of it.

So says the (Boston) Christian Register by way of preface to some extracts from a letter of the Rev. Dr. Hutton, of London, to the Rev. Dr. Parkman, of Boston. Dr. Hutton regrets that the invitation of the Boston ministers to the British Unitarians came up for discussion at the meeting referred to, inasmuch as it emanated from individuals "to whom we (Dr. Hutton and his friends) had no ground for imputing either approbation of slaveholding or sympathy with slaveholders." He, however, admits that had the invitation come from the American Unitarian Association, they, in that case, "might, perhaps, have been justified in canvassing its public acts." The remarks of the Register are to the same purpose. This seems, to us, to be splitting a hair 'twixt North, and Northwest side. If the British Association have the right to discuss the acts of the American Association, when the latter comes before the other as an ecclesiastical body, we cannot see why, with the same propriety, the acts of a portion of the Association, who unite themselves for a given object, may not also be made the subject of discussion. If the characters of Dr. Parkman, or Mr. Young, or Mr. Brooks—a Vice President of the Massachusetts Colonization Society—can properly be made the subject of animadversion as members of the American Unitarian Association, why may they not as properly as Boston ministers, when they present themselves as such before the British Association? These Boston gentlemen take upon themselves, by what authority we know not, to invite the brethren of their faith in Great Britain to this country on an especial occasion. The invitation was delivered to the British Unitarians, in, it seems to us, the only proper and feasible way, i. e. when they came together in a body. And what are those invited guests to do? Manifestly to ask, first, what are we invited to? and secondly, who invites us? Neither question can be decided without discussion in a public body.

We make an extract from Dr. Hutton's letter:

For my own part, though I cannot but regret the apparent apathy, to say the least, of your distinguished President on the subject of Slavery, and though I cannot but think that your Association should have carefully avoided giving, or appearing to give, the slightest countenance to that curse of your country by the choice of any one of its officers from amongst those who could be justly accused or suspected of countenancing it in any degree,—yet when I think of the religious activity of your body,—of the proofs without number which you have given of devoted zeal to our Great Master's cause,—of the large debt of gratitude which British Unitarians, and those of every land, owe to you for your labours of love, for the rich and abundant fruits of your faith, devotional and moral,—I cannot but feel that we have great cause to take shame to ourselves, that we are not the persons to school you severely, and though it may not be our duty to be blind to your faults, yet ought we never to approach the consideration of them without the humbling recollection of our own it is more than probable still greater errors and deficiencies.

We cannot agree with the reverend writer in regretting the apathy of Dr. Dewey. It is fortunate for the slaves' cause that he is so, if we may judge—and we surely may—of what his activity would be likely to be, by what it has been. Apathy is certainly better than opposition. For the Doctor's modesty we have all proper admiration, but it is unfortunate that the humility of Christian men is so often displayed when the sins of their brethren are calling for rebuke. However unworthy the British Unitarians may be, we trust they are good enough to rebuke loudly, faithfully, and boldly, so foul an iniquity as American Slavery. On this point, Dr. Hutton only says:

On the subject of Slavery, we may, perhaps, see the path of duty more clearly than some of you, because we have *now* no temptation to wander from it: but on other subjects, where the path is equally clear and plain to both parties, it behoves us to ask ourselves, and I question much whether the answer of conscience will be favourable, whether we walk in it as steadfastly and diligently.

But if the path of duty *is* seen more clearly, should it not be pointed out?

We copy now the letter of the Boston clergymen, with the introduction given to it by the editor of the London Inquirer, when first published in his columns. This was one way of sending it to those to whom it was addressed. Another was to present it to the Association, when, of course, it must be discussed. Both its presentation to, and discussion by that body, it seems to us, was perfectly proper, and great credit is due to the ministers of that Association for the bold position assumed and maintained by them:

We have the pleasure to lay before our readers a letter of invitation from the New England brethren, to the Unitarians of this country, which has lately been received, and ought to be generally known.

The friends of Unitarian Christianity in Boston, to their brethren in a common faith in England and in Scotland:

HONOURED AND BELOVED:—It is already known to some of you, that the anniversaries of many of our most important societies, religions and charitable, are stately held during the last week in May; and the anniversary of our "American Unitarian Association" will be holden this year in Boston, on Tuesday, the 25th of that month.

We number it among the satisfactions and benefits of these, our anniversaries, that they assemble from distant places of the land our Christian friends; to reciprocate our views and feelings; to impart information, and to quicken each other in the sacred cause for which we are engaged.

We write at the present time to express our earnest wishes, that some of you, our brethren in England, might be present with us on these occasions, and more particularly on that to which we have just referred.

And it would give us the highest satisfaction to welcome any of our Unitarian friends in your own or any other part of the United Kingdom, on this or any future anniversaries, who might be disposed and inclined "to come over and help us." We can assure you the heartiest reception that our houses and our hearts, our respect for your characters, and sympathy in your labours, can offer.

We request that this invitation may be accepted by our friends, as well in Scotland as in England; and, with our most respectful regards to them and to yourselves, we are, yours in the bonds of our common faith,

Francis Parkman,
Charles Brooks,
James F. Clarke,
Samuel Barrett,
A. B. Muzzy,
Alexander Young,
Chandler Robins,
Ezra S. Gannett.
George E. Ellis,
F. D. Huntington,
E. Peabody,
S. K. Lothrop,
J. I. T. Coolidge,
Frederick T. Gray,
R. C. Waterston,

Boston, (N. E.) January 28, 1847.

P. S. The same invitation has been addressed to our Christian Brethren in Ireland.

Rev. F. H. Leavitt and the Presbyterian Church of Vermont.

We published two or three weeks since, a portion of the Report of the Rev. Mr. Leavitt, to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. It was, as our readers will remember, an attempt to appease the South on the subject of Slavery, unworthy a Northerner,—if we may still hold to the old belief, that the love of liberty is a Northerner's birthright—and despicable in a minister of the Gospel. We are glad to see that it is "troubling the brethren." At the suggestion of several of them, Mr. Leavitt has sent to the Vermont Chronicle, the exact words used by him on the occasion referred to.—He says:

"There is one other subject upon which our General Convention have spoken out, and that is the subject of Slavery. And I refer to it now, merely to disabuse the Southern mind in regard to the North on one point. As ministers and churches, we are generally Anti-Slavery in our sentiments, and have always been, and cannot be otherwise. Why, Sir, the very air from our mountain-tops breathes freedom to all. Slavery could not live there. But then, Sir, while I say this, I say also, that our ministers and churches, and if I do not very much misjudge, the great portion of the North, repudiate and condemn as much as you, Sir, or any Southern gentleman, the denunciatory spirit, which has sometimes been manifested. We are no Ultraists—we do not wish, much less claim, to interfere with your State institutions. That is a matter peculiarly your own. All we ask is, that in our social and ecclesiastical intercourse, we mutually speak on this subject in a kind and faithful and Christian manner, for our mutual profiting. And wherein we are wrong, or say or do anything wrong, on this or any other subject, we ask you, in the same spirit, to remind us of it, and we pledge ourselves promptly to make the matter right. We are brethren of a common faith—disciples of a common Lord—going to the same judgment and heaven, and we must not suffer sin upon each other, nor fall out by the way. God forbid."

The brother clergymen of Mr. Leavitt had better have left the question untouched. A degree of uncertainty attached to the former Report, and the constituents of Mr. Leavitt could have sheltered themselves under the assertion that a vague newspaper report was not to be relied on. We have now Mr. Leavitt's own words, and the difference between the two statements is verbal merely.—The question now is, if the position of the Presbyterian Church of Vermont is truly represented by this Report of Mr. Leavitt; will she uphold her representative in going to the South, and assuring the slaveholders that she repudiates and condemns the Anti-Slavery movement—as such—at the North? and has she no wish and no claim to interfere with Slavery? Does she ask nothing more than that she may be permitted to speak on this subject for *"mutual profiting?"* Dare she stoop so low as to *ask* even for any freedom of speech, and is she—not humble, but—mean enough to be content with such a boon? As Mr. Leavitt told the brethren what he said for them to the South, we are curious to see what they have in reply to say to Mr. Leavitt.

General Association of Massachusetts.

This Association, which met, this year, at Worcester, presented the curious, but unfortunately common, spectacle of an ecclesiastical body doing God lip-service, but serving the devil with all their hearts. It is hardly to be expected, though certainly very much to be regretted, that such bodies will not learn the truth of the words of one whom they profess to reverence—that they cannot serve God and Mammon. They have long doubtless been a spectacle to angels, but that, we presume, does not so much trouble them. But when they know that they are fast becoming one to men, we do not doubt they will make straight their crooked paths. If they have not forgotten the question—If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen? it is, perhaps, because it has suggested to them the thought that to fear God they must first begin by fearing man. This Massachusetts Association adopted unanimously the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That every member of the human family, bond or free, has a right to the Bible.

2. Resolved, That any system which can exist only by keeping men in ignorance and withholding from them the Word of God, must be an abomination in the sight of Heaven, and should be so in the sight of all men.

American Slavery, then, "must be an abomination in the sight of Heaven." On this point the Massachusetts Association speak with confidence. But that it "*should be* so in the sight of all men," is certainly all that the Association could say in view of their own position.—We honour them for this proof of candour. But there is another resolution:

3. Resolved, That the readiness of the American Bible Society to furnish Bibles for the supply of the slaves is recognized by us with the greatest satisfaction, and we earnestly recommend that the patrons of this society provide the means to effect this object so far as Providence shall open the door.

"As far as Providence shall open the door"! Most astute Association! Most prudent Presbyterians! They are careful to put the janitor at the door, on the slaveholders', and not on their own side of it. It saves a world of after-trouble to ascribe to Providence whatever the upholders of the "abomination" may choose to do, rather than to lay down any rule as the law of Heaven, and obey that.

But the Association did not finish with the subject here. The Bible question was easily managed. It was the frogs only in the court-yard. They had yet to meet them in the bed-chamber. The Rev. B. W. Stone introduced a Preamble and Resolution, in which it was declared that "Inasmuch as there were slaveholders connected with both the Old and New School branches of the Presbyterian Church, and this General Association maintained a friendly correspondence with the General Assemblies of that Church, this Body was consequently involved in the guilt of upholding Slavery by such fellowship: Resolved, therefore, That our correspondence with both these Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church cease with the close of this meeting, and that we invite a correspondence with that branch of the Presbyterian Church recently organized on *Anti-Slavery principles.*"

Such a summary method, however, of dealing with the ought-to-be abomination was speedily settled. Especially was it, it seems, the occasion of some small clerical wit on the part of one of the reverend members of the Association. The Puritan reports it:

Rev. S. Holmes entertained a different view of the case. I am reminded, said he, Mr. Moderator, of a minister in another part of the country, who had not enjoyed the advantages of this brother. He gloried that his qualifications for the ministry did not depend upon a college education, but were derived directly from the Holy Spirit; and on the Spirit too did he depend even to direct to his text, whenever called to preach. His rule was to take the first text his eye fell upon, on opening the Bible. On a particular occasion he opened the Bible, and his eye fell upon the 139th Psalm, 14th verse, which he read as follows: "*I am fearfully and wonderfully mad.*" And now, brethren, (said he,) I shall attempt to show in this discourse, 1st, that *good men may be mad;* and 2dly, that *very* good men may be *fearfully* and *wonderfully* mad.

The "fearfully and wonderfully mad" men, of course, are none others than the Abolitionists—the men who are willing to believe Heaven to be right in looking upon Slavery as an abomination, and which Christians should cease to support. Whether Heaven is also "fearfully and wonderfully mad," is a conclusion from his premises which the Rev. Mr. Holmes, in the report before us, does not seem to have considered.

Mr. Stone's resolution was judged by the Association as a *non sequitur*, says the Report, and of course was *unanimously rejected.*

And having thus declined to serve God by their deeds, the Reverend gentlemen proceeded to the easier and cheaper service of words. A resolution strongly condemning the system, from which they had just refused to take their ecclesiastical support, was passed, in which they re-affirmed their former declaration on the subject. And that they might not be accused of doing nothing, they did worse than nothing, and ended by commending the cause of Colonization to the sympathies and contributions of the churches.

Correction.

"We copy," says the *National Era*, "from that excellent periodical, the *Charleston Gospel Messenger*, the following interesting letter from Rev. A. Glennie, of this State, to the Bishop of Oxford, who is a son of the celebrated Mr. Wilberforce." The "excellence" of a *Gospel Messenger* published in a slave State may be measured by the letter defending Slavery, by the example of Jesus; nor do we deny that the letter is "interesting," though in what sense the *Era* uses the term seems doubtful. The word is a convenient one, however, in this connection, and will suit both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. The Southener will understand that the editor of the *Era* is still open to conviction on the question of the righteousness of Slavery.—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

The remarks attributed to us by the *Standard* are not ours. They were copied, with the letter, from the *Charleston Mercury*, and appeared, in *solid* form, on our fourth page, *as a selection*. This the editor of the *Standard* KNEW. We neglected, inadvertently, to *credit* the *Mercury*, just as the *Standard* neglected to give us credit for the decision of Judge Woodbury, copied by it from the *Era*, even when reminded of it, though we were at great pains to procure it.—*National Era.*

We are glad to be assured by the above somewhat splenetic paragraph that the editor of the Era did not write the few introductory lines to the article from the Gospel Messenger, though how we were to KNOW it when no credit was given to any other paper, is not so clear. As the fourth page of the Era is usually devoted to correspondents, where original communications are set in solid form; as editors not unfrequently assume as their own, in copying articles, the two or three prefatory lines, which, being merely introductory, and almost a set form of speech, belong to nobody in particular; and as the editor of the Era did not in any way dissent either from the uncredited introduction, or from the credited article, we not only did *not know* that the words were not his, but we had no right to suppose anything else but that they were, or that he approved of them.

The editor of the Era is as unfortunate in his illustration as in his assertion. One who expects that others will know by intuition that he is always right, should at least be attentive enough to his ordinary duty as an editor not to make statements absolutely false. In the Standard of May 6th, is the following paragraph:

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The National Era reminds us that we have copied the decision of the Supreme Court, in the Van Zandt case, from that paper without credit. We heartily beg pardon. The credit was omitted simply because we supposed the decision, like the arguments of counsel, was published in pamphlet form, from which anybody was at liberty to copy, and that it did not, therefore, belong to the Era. We hasten to make the proper acknowledgment. This sort of injustice we never intentionally commit, though we have great reason to complain of it in others.

We must be pardoned for not believing in the infallibility of the Era, so long as it shows itself liable to a common weakness, the soft name of which is—blunder.

Mr. Polk and Hope H. Slater.

A Baltimore paper states that when President Polk was in that city, he rode only in the carriage of Hope Slatter, the great slave-dealer; and commends the fact to the "Boston Post." Why should not Mr. Polk ride with Hope Slatter, or any other dealer in men? We have no doubt that if Mr. Polk followed his own inclinations, he would never ride with anybody else. Mr. Polk has involved the nation in a horrid war, for the sake of slave-traders, and we see nothing strange in his riding in their carriages. Doubtless he looks upon Hope Slatter as a very worthy merchant, who has made his money in a traffic both Christian-like and honourable. There can be no question of the President's piety, for he has not allowed any dancing at the White House, since he occupied it, out of respect to Christianity; and when he was in New-York, he went to three different churches on one Sunday; and we are told that he performs his religious duties in the most punctual manner at Washington. Some people have a prejudice against war, murder, hatred, malice, oppression, slavery, and the violations of promises, but Mr. Polk is not one of that kind; he has a religious prejudice against dancing, and a partiality for the Presbyterian religion.—B.

Reformed Presbyterian Church.

We find in the July number of the "Covenanter," minutes of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which met in Allegheny, Pa. in the latter part of May. Among other letters published in the minutes, are several from the Scotch and Irish churches, from which we make some extracts. The letter of the Scottish Synod, which is signed by Joseph Wilson, M. C. I. C. says:

We had the subject of American Slavery before us, and the connection of the American churches with that system of iniquity—we unanimously agreed to republish our former resolutions on the subject, and to send forth an earnest remonstrance to all the churches implicated in the sin of directly or indirectly upholding the nefarious system. The early and decided stand which we took on the subject, and to which you have always adhered, has been often and honourably mentioned in the recent controversies on the subject.

The letter of the Irish Synod, which is signed by James Kennedy, Moderator, and John W. Graham, Clerk, refers thus to the non-juring Abolitionists:

We accept from you with peculiar pleasure, the information, that "thousands of Anti-Slavery people, not Covenanters, have ceased to swear oaths of allegiance to the Government of the United States, and also to vote in the election of civil officers, regarding the Constitution as a pro-slavery instrument:"—and we cannot doubt that, as Scriptural knowledge spreads, and love to Jesus Christ, his Word, his institutions, and laws, increases, many others will adopt the same mode of procedure, taking the high and legitimate ground of professing and exemplifying the principle of Christ's universal dominion, and practically testifying against immoral and unchristian Governments, in all lands to which the light of Divine Revelation has been vouchsafed. To us the defects and positive evils of the States' Government appear so glaring, that we think it only necessary for Christian men to open their eyes that they may see them, and that there are not a few well aware of them, who will not practise the self-denial, or make the sacrifices which an assured belief of them demands; promising themselves various very questionable advantages of a worldly nature, while they follow in the wake of political parties in their inconsiderate career, without adverting, as they ought, to the responsibility they incur before the Ruler of the Universe, to their participation in the guilt of the National Society, and to the injury done to their spiritual interest.

To this last letter, the Committee of Foreign Correspondence sent a reply, signed by James M. Willson, its Chairman, from which we make the following extract:

In regard to the state of things around us, we have not many changes to note since the date of our last communication. All the evils then referred to still prevail, and are, probably, upon the increase. But while we find much to deplore in our own lukewarmness and worldliness, and in the abounding iniquities of our land, too much encouraged, as they are, by the infidel character of the civil institutions of the country, and by the example of many public men: and while we lament the general indifference, and even opposition of the great majority of the nation, to the crown rights, and prerogatives of Immanuel, and while we mourn over the disregard of the rights of man, by the larger denominations in this country, none of which maintains a truly Scriptural testimony against the sin of slaveholding, or puts any restraint upon their members voting under a slaveholding Constitution, and most of which admit, without hesitation, slaveholders to the enjoyment of church privileges—while we deplore, and lament, and mourn over all these, we are not discouraged. We are assured that our cause will ultimately triumph. Nor are we entirely destitute of encouragement in the condition of things around us. The evils of the Constitution, particularly as a pro-slavery instrument, are becoming more and more manifest, and the number of those to whom we alluded in our last communication as refusing, on that account, to vote, or swear oaths of allegiance, is largely upon the increase. The people are much more ready than formerly, to listen to Scriptural instruction in reference to civil Government, and, particularly, in regard to the qualifications of civil magistrates. We would thank God, and take courage.

The Boston Whig and C. L. Remond.

On our first page will be found a communication from the Boston Whig, which we regretted to see in that paper without any editorial comment. The editor of the Whig, however, probably believes his correspondent, that Mr. Remond actually advocated insurrection at the meeting referred to, and, of course, condemns such a course. We will venture to say, however, that the statement is absolutely false. Mr. Remond, very likely said if oppression ever justified a war, the slaves of the South would be justified in a revolution. And who will gainsay that doctrine? Not the Whig, we trust. We do not believe Mr. R. said more than this.

In last week's Liberator we observe a letter from Mr. Ellis Gray Loring, in allusion to this article of the Whig. We agree with him most entirely—and where is the Abolitionist who does not?—in the necessity of maintaining our original position in relation to insurrection at the South. But as to the question of the right of servile war, granting any war to be right, an Abolitionist, it seems to us, can have but one opinion.

If the correspondent of the Whig is right,—that the work of abolition is to fall into the hands of the Wilmot Proviso men, we have only to say, God help them in the good cause! We shall most heartily rejoice to see them prosecute the work to a speedy and successful termination. But before we shall feel quite satisfied that our labour is ended, we must see who the Wilmot Proviso men will choose for President. If they are faithful in little things, they may be trusted in great things. As a matter of curiosity, we should like to know who is the candidate of this correspondent of the Whig;—whether the man who is so ready to denounce the mere assertion of the right of a portion of our countrymen to free themselves from bondage by their own good right arms, is equally ready to pour out the vials of his wrath on the actual participants of a war, which, to say the least of it, is not waged in the great behalf of freedom.

☞ The coloured people of this city held a meeting on Thursday evening last, to notice in a proper manner the death of Daniel O'Connell. Thomas Van Rensselaer was chosen President, Rev. William Williams, Vice-President, and Messrs. J. B. Webb, and W. A. Hodges, Secretaries. On taking the chair, the President said:—"We are called here to-night to honour the name of Mr. O'Connell, because while he was warmly engaged in the elevation of his own countrymen, his great heart led him at the same time to feel for the oppressed in this country: there was one position in particular that our lamented friend always maintained, fellow-citizens, which has raised a *monument* to his memory, that shall continue to rise higher and higher through all coming time—we refer to Mr. O'Connell's refusal to associate under any circumstances with a *slaveholder.*" The following resolutions were passed, and a committee consisting of the President and Secretaries, was appointed to write a letter of condolence to the family of Mr. O'Connell:

1st. Resolved, That in the death of Daniel O'Connell, not only the British empire, but humanity throughout the world, has lost a faithful friend, Christianity one of its bright ornaments, and oppression one of its most determined and vigilent foes.

2d. Resolved, That in the death of Mr. O'Connell, the enslaved and oppressed in the United States of America, have lost one of their warmest friends, and ablest advocates.

3d. Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the afflicted family of the Hon. Daniel O'Connell in their great bereavement.

4th. Resolved, That it is our solemn duty to hold up the hands of every friend of freedom in this country, who are carrying out the principles acted upon by our deceased friend, Daniel O'Connell.

☞ THE DELEVAN STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, (*coloured*) held their fourth Anniversary at Newburg on the 6th instant. About four thousand persons were present. The company went from this city in the steamer Highlander, which was put, for the trip, so says the Ram's Horn, under the sole command of Thornton Kendle, a coloured man, whose general grade is that of Steward. If he is as capable, as that paper says he is, of filling the position of a steamboat Captain, it is a striking instance of the difficulties with which his race have to contend with, in "taking care of themselves," and if he is incompetent for such duties, it shows how great a value the white owners of the steamboat put upon the lives of a crowd of coloured people.

We have received by the "New Orleans" files of the Jamaica Dispatch & Kingston Journal. We find in them no intelligence of interest. The remarks which we copy below from the Journal, on the question of Slavery in the French colonies, are valuable as coming from one who has witnessed the experiment of immediate Emancipation:

The question of Slavery in the French colonies has occupied the attention of the people and the Chamber of Deputies in France, and is likely soon to be brought to an issue.

Petitions, signed by eleven thousand persons, had been presented on the subject, and it was proposed to refer these to the consideration of the President of the Council and the Colonial Minister. The Cabinet, we are informed, opposed this through the Colonial Minister who insisted upon passing to the order of the day. But to use the language of the *Daily News*, "the debate did not admit of the process of suffocation which the Ministry endeavoured to apply to it. The shocking disclosures made in the speeches of M. M. de Lasteyrie and Ledru Rollin literally spread horror through the assembly, and at length made the Ministry feel that the only safe course was to yield to the result of the unanimous burst of indignation to which the Chamber gave utterance." At the suggestion of M. Dupin, the petitions were referred also to the Minister of Justice, which was intended as a rebuke to the insufficiency of the Colonial Minister.

"The desire of the French nation (says the *Daily News*) to accomplish the abolition of Slavery, led to the adoption of a law in July, 1845, intended as the forerunner of that object. This project provided for the establishment of free workshops, the granting of one day a week to the slaves to enable them, by their industry, to purchase their freedom, the limitation of the hours of labour, the encouragement of marriage, and the promotion of education. The instruments by which these several provisions were to receive effect were the colonial magistracy and the slave-owners themselves, who also constituted the majority of the former body. The practical effect has been, that the law has become a dead letter, all its provisions being utterly abortive, and the condition of the slaves, physical and moral, being worse than ever. There is, in fact, no administration of justice where a remedy is sought by a slave against his proprietor. The tribunals are composed of a majority of slave-owners, and if there be a few individuals in the minority disposed to administer justice, they are overruled by public opinion in the colony. To such a scandalous pitch has the flagrant defiance of every principle of justice in the conduct of these tribunals been carried, that in some instances where they have pronounced an acquittal or a nominal punishment against delinquent proprietors, the atrocity of the criminal has been so great that the colonial Governor has felt compelled to exercise a discretion with which he is invested by exiling the offender from the colony. We know not in what terms to impart to the English public an adequate notion of the crimes perpetrated by masters against slaves disclosed in this debate, crimes which we believe have no designation in the vocabulary of criminal jurisprudence."

All who had any knowledge of Slavery in the colonies, knew that the project alluded to by the *Daily News* would fail, and could have foretold all that happened. It is well, however, that the experiment was tried, and that the Government can no longer shield itself under this project. To attempt to lop off the branches of Slavery is rank nonsense. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Nothing short of complete and entire emancipation will suffice to cure the evil, and the Chambers and the Government must be convinced of this fact, if they are not already. Nor will the French nation be content with anything short of this when the statements made by M. Ledru-Rollin and M. de Lasteyrie are known. Harrowing as they are, they present nothing new in the features of that cruel and unjust system. France is too enlightened, too liberal, too enthusiastically fond of liberty, and though last, not least, too humane to permit the continuance in her colonies, of a system so repugnant to the best feelings of our nature, and disgraceful to a great and enlightened nation.

Domestic Slavery, considered as a Scriptural institution; in a correspondence between the Rev. Richard Fuller, of Beaufort, South Carolina, and the Rev. Francis Wayland, of Providence, Rhode Island. Lewis Colby & Co. 122 Nassau street: New-York.

This little volume is calculated to be of service to the public, in allaying those asperities which have been indulged in, on a subject of such vital importance as the peculiar institution of the South. The right thinking Christian and patriot, both north and south, will find the ground for the exercise of Christian charity harder and firmer than they had supposed, and that the means of harmony are more accessible than at first blush might be apprehended. That the brutal class of degraded men, called Abolitionists, of the North, have made a trade of philanthropy, and indulged, in the words of Dr. Channing, in a tone, "fierce, bitter, and abusive," is to be lamented, but derives its importance mostly from the attention it has attracted at the North. It has been the sole instrument by which British aristocracy and expiring feudalism in the world, could hope to disturb the march of the great Republic, or check the approach of their own downfall. For this object the most disgusting and debauched negroes, black and white, have been petted, feasted, and rewarded by the blazee aristocracy of England, whose libidinous desires have sought, like the men of ancient Sodom, in novel intercourse with an inferior race, to stimulate palled appetites, and by so doing at once to degrade their race to the level of one every way inferior, and seek through it by ruining Republican America, to perpetrate their own rule over half the emancipated slaves of the British Islands. The base tools of the British aristocracy will find their level, and the strong sense of the American people will trample over the disgusting cant of hypocritical debauchery.

The above is copied from the July number of the "Democratic Review," and may be taken as a fair sample of the literary ability, moral honesty, and political orthodoxy of the literary organ of the Democratic party. It was written by Thomas P. Kettell, a native of Massachusetts, the editor of the Democratic Review, who was for many years assistant editor of the New-York Herald, where he probably learned his slanderous trade, and got rid of any puritanical notions about integrity of conduct which he might have acquired in his early education.—We cannot believe that any Massachusetts man, who had the benefits of a common school education, could ever be guilty of so great a baseness as the writing such an article as the above. He must have been inducted by imperceptible degrees into so low a condition of mind by the teachings and examples of some such wholly unprincipled person as the proprietor of the Herald, before he could have perpetrated an act so wantonly and thoroughly malignant. The editor of the Democratic Review must know his party and the tastes of his readers, but he has a much poorer opinion of them than we have ever entertained, and no one will accuse as of a partiality for them, if he thinks that such poor stuff will be acceptable to them. We are used to hearing and reading every conceivable kind of abuse of Abolitionists, but we do not remember that we have ever encountered such a disgusting mixture of impotence, malignity, and mendacity as the above extract from the Democratic Review presents. We cannot be so uncharitable as to believe that Mr. Kettell believed one word of what he wrote, or that he had any other feeling in penning such enormous slanders, than to conciliate his Southern subscribers, who must heartily despise him for his meanness. It is shocking to hear such a man prating about "right-thinking Christians and patriots," as though he had the most remote idea of what Christianity and patriotism are. He knew very well that if Abolitionists made a trade of philanthropy, it was one that produced them nothing but poverty and the contempt of the world, and that to be an Abolitionist, even in the "free North," requires an utter renouncement of all political or private advancement, and a sacrifice, in most cases, of private friendship and social enjoyments. He knows very well that what he calls the "blazee aristocracy of England" have ever been the opponents of Abolitionism, and that that part of the British people who have sympathized with American Abolitionists, have been the purest and noblest-minded men and women of the nation; who have sprung from the hard-fisted democratic classes, and not from the rich and aristocratic. Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law rhymer, Montgomery, the poet, Clarkson, the world-renowned philanthropist, John Bowring, Harriet Martineau, Lord Brougham, William Wordsworth, and, in fact, every man illustrious in English literature for philanthropy, are the people whom this conductor of an American Democratic Review, stigmatises by his course and brutal epithets, which are too indecent to be repeated. He knows, too, that the people whom he calls "debauched negroes, black and white," are men and women whose reputations have never been sullied by a suspicion of wrong, and who stand exalted in the eyes of the community where they dwell by purity of conduct and never-flagging devotedness to the cause of human freedom. He knows, too, that the black inhabitants of the British Islands, are not "half-emancipated slaves," but that they enjoy all the rights and privileges that are enjoyed by the natives of Great Britain. He knew all this, and yet could deliberately pen those gross slanders, regardless of the wrong he was doing, the ill feelings and malice he was engendering, hoping that he might conciliate the slavocracy of the South, and gain a subscriber to his Review. But we know that such transparent toadyism can deceive no one, and that Southern readers will despise him heartily for the villainous means he has taken to please them. If the reverend doctors, whom he lauds for their essays on Slavery, can find any satisfaction in being endorsed by such a backer, they are welcome to his support, but it must disturb their self-complacency to find themselves approved by such a reviewer.—B.

A Novel Slave Case.—A slave case of a good deal of interest and importance has occurred here since our last issue. Three coloured persons—two men and a woman—have been taken before Judge Daly, by writ of *habeas corpus*, from the Brazilian barque Lembranca, where they were held under restraint by Capt. Da Costa, of the Lembranca, who claims them as his slaves. The writ was issued on Saturday, as soon as information was given at this office that such persons were retained on board the barque, but the case has been postponed from time to time, partly in consequence of the illness of Mr. Jay, who was first expected to conduct it, so that we shall not be able to give the result in this week's paper. The Brazilian captain claims that the men—the woman having returned to the vessel of her own accord—shall be delivered up to him by virtue of the treaty between the United States and Brazil, and this point is to be argued this morning—Wednesday—by counsel. John Hopper appears for the slave, Mr. Perroy for the Brazilian captain. God defend the right!

The Examiner.—Mr. Vaughan's paper is well received by the press of Louisville. Every paper has spoken in its favour with only one exception, and that is the Baptist Banner and Pioneer, a *religious journal!* The Rev. Mr. Buck, the editor, says:

> The Examiner.—This is the name of a new paper, the first number of which was laid on our table on Saturday last. It is edited by J. C. Vaughan and F. Cosby. The Examiner is, we take it, the "True American," revived, and we mistake the spirit of our citizens, if they will encourage an avowed and notorious Abolitionist of a neighbouring city, to come here, or to remain in Cincinnati, where he now resides, and throw firebrands into this community.

☞ The Tribune says:

> Locofoco Legislation.—On the 1st instant, an act of the General Assembly of the *pretended* Democracy of Missouri went into operation, which forbids all persons to keep school to teach any negro, whether free or slave, or mulatto, to read or write, in that State—forbids any assemblage of negroes or mulattoes for religious worship, where the services are performed by negroes, unless a Sheriff, Marshall, or Justice of the Peace be present, to prevent seditious speeches—forbids all free negroes or mulattoes from immigrating, under any pretext, into Missouri, from any other State. Penalty for violation of the provisions of the above *pretended* democratic act, $500 fine and (or) six months of the jail!

Does not the Tribune know that laws substantially the same as these exist in nearly all, if not all, the Southern States of this blessed Union, whether Whig or Locofoco?

☞ Edmund Quincy, we observe by the Prisoner's Friend, is to be a regular contributor to the columns of that paper. His sound judgment, and clear and captivating style, will make the Friend one of the most valuable papers of the reform press. The arrangement can hardly fail to be of signal advantage to the Messrs. Spear, and the cause to which they are devoted.

☞ The Chinese Junk Keying, direct from China, arrived in this city a few days since.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XX.

The Argument. *St. Polk's Day.—St. Polk and St. Swithin.—Unhandsome behaviour of Boston.—Paternity, sponsorship, and adoption of Mexican War.—Funereal aspect of procession.—Mr. Lawrence and the President.—The Times office, its flag and its loyalty. Civic Banquet.—A Wineless Feast.—President's Drawing-Room.—Contrasted with Queen Victoria's.—A Discourse of Costume.—Loyalty of some coloured men, and especially one.—The President finds that he has a friend. In vino Veritas.—Little interest in neighbourhood.—Category of Malefactors.—Newgate Calendar improved. The Correspondent giveth a Counterblast to Tobacco.—Diary of Rev. Solo. Spittle.—Reputed Author and subjects.—Suggestion of an Anti-Tobacco enterprise.—Æsthetics of Expectoration.—The Correspondent recounteth an adventure more delectable to recite than to encounter.—He praiseth himself.—Grove Meeting at Waltham on the fifth.—Its Prosperity.—Mr. May, the new General Agent, &c. &c. &c.*

Boston, July 9th, 1847.

It is rather of the latest to be telling you of the humours of St. Polk's day. But I suppose you will not be content without some brief description of the same. As to St. Polk, he might as well have been St. Swithin himself, for the torrents of rain he brought along with him. It was what they call, in England, "a nasty day!" The Powers of Mud seemed to have combined together in disloyal league against our Liege Lord. One would think that the clerk of the Weather must be an Abolitionist of the Garrison stamp, so vicious and impracticable did he seem to be on that great and important day. And I am sorry to say that the people of Boston did not behave much better.

Boston certainly did not do her consistency credit on that occasion. To be sure, streaming umbrellas stand rather in the way of people's throwing up their caps, and standing up to their ancles in mud and water, is apt to dampen the warmest enthusiasm. But Mr. Polk had a right to expect a rather more cordial reception than he had. After the doubly assured assurance of the approbation of Boston, of his public acts, conveyed in the triumphant election of Governor Briggs and Mr. Winthrop, he might reasonably expect at least as good treatment as either of those gentlemen could hope for. People say, indeed, that he is the Father of the Mexican war. And, perhaps, he is. But then Mr. Briggs and Mr. Winthrop are its godfathers, and the Whigs of Massachusetts, and especially those of Boston, have adopted the bantling as their own. They should have behaved better by him.

The procession had very much the effect of a military funeral. First came the escort, looking very wet and unhappy, and after the President was a long train of empty carriages, which had been provided by the city Government for sundry functionaries, who, it seems, like Parson Adams, "preferred the pedestrious to the vehicular expedition," or, at all events, were found wanting in the hour of need. The President looked "as civil as an orange, and somewhat of that jealous complexion," especially when he glanced at the many houses in the principal streets which were shut up from cellar to garret. He sat with his hat off bowing in any direction, on the smallest possible provocation. This was not very often given, to be sure. I see that the Courier says that Mr. Abbott Lawrence bowed to him from the balcony of his house, when he passed it, and that the salute was respectfully returned. This was as it should be, and highly honourable to both parties.

There was a little spontaneous *entusymusy* (as Lord Byron says Braham used to call *enthusiasm*) pretty well got up in the neighbourhood of the Times office, opposite the old City Hall, at the head of State street. A flag was suspended across the street with the appropriate inscription: "Welcome to James K. Polk, the Champion of his Country's Honour!" As he passed beneath it, a patriotic crowd, no doubt accidentally in the neighbourhood, gave him the only hearty cheers he got during the day. And I did see one corpulent *bouquet* describing a parabola through the air in the direction of his nose, discharged apparently from one of the windows of the City Hall. I am happy to say that he seemed to be grateful for the very smallest mercies.

After the labours of the day, the President was entertained by the city, at a sumptuous dinner at the Revere House, but without wine,—the first instance, I suppose, of such an entertainment conducted on teetotal principles. But inasmuch as the city Government had refused the Revere House, in common with all others, license to sell wine or any other tipple, it could hardly fly in the face of its own ordinances. It is quite likely that the city's Guest might think that, like poor Ophelia, he had had "too much of water," already; but I understand that he politely expressed his satisfaction at the arrangement.

After dinner he held a Drawing-Room which was numerously, if not fashionably attended. You will be proud to learn that it was conducted on the most thoroughly Democratic principles. What a contrast to such occasions in Queen-ridden England! There, if you wish to pay your respects to the Sovereign, you must ensconce yourself in a pair of knee-breeches, and a coat like one of George I's. You must powder your hair, and pin a black silk bag to the collar of your coat behind, which is by courtesy supposed to belong to your head, and tie yourself to a dress sword. Here, th most unlimited freedom, and the most picturesque varieties of costume prevailed. There were coats of every cut and every material, linen of every hue, trowsers of every shape, and boots of all specific gravities. Some of the lieges, with a noble contempt of outward ornament, disdained to encumber themselves with "those troublesome disguises which we wear," and appeared before the Head of the Nation in all the simple majesty of their shirt-sleeves! An atmosphere of rum and tobacco happily commingled, filled the drawing-room; while copious streams, from many a mouth, watering the carpet, at once vindicated one of the distinctive privileges of American citizens, and showed a patriotic zeal which the President must have appreciated, for the consumption of one of the most precious productions of Southern industry.

You will be glad to hear that some of our coloured fellow-citizens rose so far superior to the prejudice against a slaveholding President, which they might, have been supposed to feel, as to join in this brilliant company. One gentleman, of African descent, was so well pleased with his reception, or so overflowing with loyalty, that one introduction was not enough to satisfy him, and he presented himself *three* several times to do honour to the Great Executive. One gentleman (of the Caucassian family, however,) appeared in a highly genial condition to pay his respects to his political chieftain.—Staggering up to the President, he addressed him thus:—"Sir, I would have you to know (hiccup) that I had the honour (hic) to vote for you! Now the biggest part of these chaps (hic) that seem so d—d glad to meet you, did n't vote for you (hic), but I did!" "You see, Sir," said a gentleman present, turning to Mr. Buchanan, "you see that you are not altogether without friends in Boston!"

There was very little of the interest usually created in the neighbouring towns by a promise of such a display as attends a Presidential Entry. I chanced to come to town that morning on one of the Railways, and I was assured that there was actually fewer persons carried that day than on common days. I was diverted at a reason given by one in the cars for going in. Some person addressing him said, "What! are you going to see Polk, too!" "To be sure, I am," he replied. "I have a taste for seeing great malefactors. I went to town to see Tirrell, and I went to Salem to see the Knapps, and do you think I am such a fool as not to go in and see Polk?"

Apropos to the "mellifluous streams" of tobacco-juice above celebrated, there was a very clever book published here not long since aimed at the beastly tobacco-vice, which made a good deal of talk. It is entitled "Diary of the Rev. Solomon Spittle," and attributed to the pen of a gentlemen celebrated for his Temperance Tales, and for his correspondence with that famous collector of *autographs*, the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, a few years ago. It describes with great wit and humour the misadventures of the Rev. Solomon, arising from his darling appetite. Perhaps it derived some additional zest from the impression which obtained (how truly I cannot say) that it was written for the especial benefit of an eminent Doctor in Divinity in Boston, of the Church of England school, and that even the Head of that Church in Massachusetts, was glanced at under the name of "Bishop Beastly," who "smoked, and said that all gentlemen did!" As the reputed author is a member of the same Communion, it cannot be supposed that he had any *bye-ends* in his publication, but only looked at the purification of the Church.

Some critics have complained that it is "too *coarse*," and, perhaps, it cannot be affirmed that it is any too *fine*. But the Humour may be excused for making its phylacteries rather *broad*, which attacks so prevalent and so disgusting a vice. It needs a special effort for its suppression almost as much as drinking. And I would suggest that the *ladies* undertake it, and sign a pledge to put all men into Coventry who use tobacco in any shape. As to those who are already "linked and wed-lock bound" to any such, they should be allowed the privilege of divorce, by the laws of the State. The *chewers*, especially, should be relegated to some Limbo, or Paradise of Fools, where they could expatiate, and expectorate, to their heart's content, without molestation to the cleaner sort of the human animals.

It is wonderful, the height to which some of our fellow-citizens have cultivated the expectorating element of their nature! I remember, once, going to an Anti Slavery meeting on the Western Railway, when a well-dressed young man took the seat before me, but with his back towards me. He immediately commenced the exercise of this elegant accomplishment, and all other emotions were soon swallowed up in the single one of wonder at his marvellous idiosyncracy. It chanced that a strong wind was blowing towards me through the window when he opened it in the pursuit of his profession, so that I was actually obliged, (I speak the truth and lie not!) to open my umbrella for my own personal protection. I felt it due to the cause of science to make some observations on this case, and accordingly I counted the number of times he expectorated in the course of a single quarter of an hour, and it amounted, ("by the stop-watch, my Lord,") to *nineteen* times in the fifteen minutes. And, I assure you, it was by no means the most industrious fifteen minutes of the trip.

The most gratifying personal compliment I ever received was from a gentleman who met me one morning, many years ago, and said: "I was a party to a great dispute last night, at the Theatre, as to whether a person in the front of our box were you or not. We were a large party of ladies and gentlemen, some of whom took one side, and some the other, but at last we pretty generally subsided into the opinion that it *was* you. But, presently, the person in question began *to spit*, and then we all, with one consent, declared that it was impossible that it should be you, as you had never done such a thing in your life." Sydney Smith, you remember, says that no gentleman has spit in England since the Heptarchy!

But come, let us sweeten our imaginations a little. We had a very successful meeting on the fifth at Harrington's Grove, in Waltham. Mr. Garrison presided, and addresses were made by Messrs. Wm. J. Bowditch, J. N. Buffum, W. A. White, and J. Weiss, in the morning, and by Messrs, Caleb Stetson, W. H. Channing, E. Quincy, and W. W. Brown, in the afternoon. The attendance was large, the grove beautiful, and the day fine. The speeches were interspersed with fine singing from a band of voluntary choristers. It was strictly a pic-nic, every party bringing its own provisions, and discussing them wheresoever it liked them best, under the tall trees, or by the side of the piece of water, white with water-lilies, that washed the grove on one side. The effect was very picturesque, I can assure you. The arrangements for the day, and the manner in which they were carried out, reflected great credit on our new and efficient General Agent, Samuel May, Jr. who has entered upon his duties with great industry, zeal, and knowledge. D. Y.

To Correspondents.

L. C. Free-labour goods can be had both in this city and in Philadelphia, and orders sent to us shall be forwarded. We give a preference to goods of this description, though we do not agree with some of our friends in their views of the importance of this instrumentality.

E. B. He understands, we trust, that the *reminder* was only in accordance with a standing rule, which, of course makes no exception. Will he not carry out his good intention? We hope so.

J. W. His interesting and acceptable letter is received, but the specimen referred to has not reached us.—We hope to find the messenger charged with its delivery. The disposition that he requests shall be made of it. It is doubtless meteoric.

S. B. He had neglected to inform us that the paper was to be changed from C. to L. It will go to L. in future.

D. K. C. The application he suggests will be made in the course of the Summer, and we trust that his expectations will be realized.

O. K. Will he send us a copy of the memorandum he left for us with a friend? That has never reached us.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry:*—The Warning Call; Sonnet; Who is the Traitor? *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); Barbarian Wit; The Flower of Wapping; Mummy Scrip from Egypt; Collected Wisdom and Dignity of the Nation; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Pro Slavery:* Infamous Doctrines; The Anniversary Meetings; Fanaticism. *Selections:* The Abington Convention; On the present position of English Unitarians; Protest and Declaration of Sentiment of Freewill Baptist Ministers upon the subject of Slavery; The Fourth of July.

Second Page.—Visit of President Polk to Boston; Garrison; Testimony of the Friends against War and Slavery; The Peculiar Institution.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Music in an African Church.—A correspondent of the Sun writing from Richmond, Va. mentions attending service on a Sunday at the African church in that city, where he said the music exceeded anything of the kind he had heard in the same place. "A band of some forty or fifty slaves," he says, "conducted the music. The singers had their hymn books in their hands, and their note books before them, and the style of execution was such as would have been creditable to the best drilled choirs of the North. There was some 1500 blacks present.—The large church was crowded. It is said there are two thousand members of this church. It was touching to bear these children of bondage pouring out their hearts in overwhelming songs of praise to Him who looks not at the external man, but unto the heart."

Colorphobia.—Not long since, a respectable coloured woman, who had occasion to go from Boston to Roxbury, applied for a seat in an omnibus and was refused. A gentleman who was near by wished to know the reason why she could not be admitted, and was told that the lady passengers would have objections to her company. He at once inquired of the ladies in the coach, of whom there were several, if such was the case, but they promptly answered that it was not, and on being informed of the circumstances which led to the question, it was proposed, by one of them that they should all leave the omnibus unless the colonred woman was allowed a seat and the plan would have been carried into effect had not the omnibus man, finding that he had "put his foot into it," concluded to back out from his position, and admit the applicant.—*Liberty Press.*

Marriage of John Bright, Esq. M.P.—Thursday morning, being the weekly meeting of the Friends at their meeting-house, in Wakefield, was fixed upon as the day upon which Mr. Bright's marriage with Miss Leatham should be solemnized. At half past ten (says the Leeds Mercury) the wedding party arrived, and took the seats apportioned to them. The whole company sat for about three quarters of an hour in perfect silence, when Mr. Bright arose, and taking the right hand of Miss Leatham, pronounced in a low, but distinct voice, the following words: "Friends, I take my friend, *Margaret Elizabeth Leatham*, to be my wife, and promise by Divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please God to part us by death." While still holding hands, Miss Leatham pronounced the same words, substituting *John Bright* for her own name, in a low but tremulous voice. After which another pause of some minutes occurred, when one of the congregation offered up a short prayer the whole assembly standing. After some minutes had again elapsed, Mr. Benington, draper, read the certificate, or declaration, which was signed by the bride and bridegroom, and their relations and friends, and afterward by a large number of the congregation.—*English Paper.*

We received the following from a tall, long nosed gentleman, with a request to insert in a "*conspicuous place;*"—*Tribune.*

Dogits Nu York Sitty Direktary.—Subskrybors to this wurk are respectfully enformed that there boks will be sent to thum as soon as possible if thay will hav a litle pashunce. Every buk wot is bot at the offas deprives the canvassor of the smal commisshun, witch hee is jostly intitled two. 32 Canvasesurs.

Convention of the Free Negroes of Kentucky.—We learn from Rev. A. W. Cowan, the agent of the Colonization Society, that in order to induce a more full emigration of the free negroes of the State to Liberia, the society, at the suggestion of several prominent gentlemen of the State, has determined to set out, in their expedition of November next, several free coloured men from different sections of the State, chosen by the free negroes in their respective neighbourhoods, to go to the colony, and make a full examination of its condition and prospects (remaining there twelve months for that purpose,) and return and make a report to their constituents. The free negroes of Lexington, Maysville, Danville, and Richmond, have chosen in each place one of their number, and the citizens of these places have raised the money to defray the expenses of the person chosen to go to the colony—while there—and back again to the State. The free negroes of this city have approved of this plan, and will send out one of their number.—*Louisville Courier.*

Ultra Abolitionism.—Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave who has lately been to England, and about whom some noise has been made, delivered a speech at an abolition convention in Boston lately, in which as we find in the Green Mountain Freeman, he says:

"I cannot have any *love for this country*, as such, or *for its Constitution*. I desire too see it overthrown as speedily as possible and ITS CONSTITUTION SHIVERED IN A THOUSAND FRAGMENTS, rather than that this foul curse (Slavery) should continue to remain as now,"

This seems to be plain and honest, and to the point. We think any tolerably bright man can understand it!—*Vermont Patriot.*

Mr. Dickinson, known in his time as the celebrated Pennsylvania Farmer, was a member of the Federal Convention from Delaware, *and a slaveholder*. During the sitting of the Convention which formed the Constitution, a friend of Mr. Dickinson called to see him, and, after some general conversation, asked him whether the report was true that *he had emancipated all his slaves?* "Yes," said the noble-hearted man, "it is; *and I now feel myself qualified to deliberate on the form of government* FOR THE PRESERVATION OF LIBERTY; *for no man's understanding* (added he) *is perfectly erect upon the subjects of Liberty and Government, while he keeps a single slave.*"—Salem Register.

A Shot.—Rev. Mr. Stone, of Salem, exchanged with Rev. Mr. Shackford of Lynn, last Sunday; and the former preached an effective and moving discourse. We are informed that while Mr. Stone was speaking of, and commenting rather severely upon, the Mexican war, one of the congregation got up and rushed out of the meeting house, causing some noise by the eagerness to see who he was. What right have preachers, now a days, to say anything contrary to the opinion of any of their parishinners? They can see, in this instance, that a minister who preaches on disagreeable subjects is liable to make some one of his hearers a *comeouter.*—*Lynn News.*

☞ Similar things have happened in some other places.

General Taylor is the greatest and most consistent man that ever lived, according to letter scribblers and politicians. He has been nominated by the leading Slavery papers of the South, and the Anti-Slavery papers of the North. He harmonizes the views of both. The profane boast that he swore terribly at Buena Vista, while the religious register his name as a member of the board of missions. Each party declare him as entertaining their peculiar views.—*Jeffersonian.*

Gov. Dorr.—The bill to confer upon Thomas W. Dorr the privileges of a citizen of this State will become a law. It is possible that the object of this act is to qualify him for the office of Governor of this State.—*Nashua (N.H.) Telegraph.*

Henry Clay Baptized.—The Louisville Daily News learns from a correspondent of the Baptist Banner, that the Hon. Henry Clay was baptized on the 22d ult., in one of the beautiful ponds on his own estate, near Lexington. He united with the Episcopal church, but demanded immersion.

The Anti-Slavery Party had a grand Pic Nic, at Harrington's Grove, in Waltham, on Monday—Wm. Lloyd Garrison presiding. Speeches were made in consonance with the extreme tenets of the party, by Mr. Garrison, Wm. Channing, Edmund Quincy, Wm. A. White and Rev. Mr. Weiss of Watertown, Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford, W. W. Brown, a fugitive slave, and many others. Some spirited songs were sung in excellent style by members of the Mozart association, and altogether, a large party of ladies and gentlemen had a very agreeable time of it.—*Trav.*

Died.

On Saturday evening, 10th inst. Meriall Lincoln youngest daughter of Dr. J. H. Foster, aged two years and three months.

At Broomfield, Charles City county, at the residence of her husband, 17th ult. Mrs. Mary T. Jones, wife of Henry L. Jones, and eldest daughter of ex President Tyler.

In Lynn, Mr. Thomas Herbert to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of William Bassett, Esq. of L.

In Princeton, Ill. May 6th, Mrs. Sarah Bryant, relict of Dr. Peter Bryant, of Cummington, Mass. and mother of William Cullen Bryant, editor of the New-York Evening Post.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from June 29th, to July 12th, 1847.

S. P. Chace, Cincinnati, O.	$2 00	
Jane O. Fexber, Marion, N. Y.	1 00	
Wm. Brown, Rochester, N.Y.	1 00	
Julius R. Ames, Albany, N.Y.	2 00	
Rufus Reynolds. Purchase, N.Y.	1 00	
P. B. Soule, Duxbury, Mass.	1 00	
S. C. Fay, Southboro, Mass.	2 00	
Fred. Lacross, E. Medway, Mass.	1 00	
Anna W. Cotton, Boston, Mass.	1 00	
Chas. Stearns, Boston, Mass,	1 00	
S. N. Young, Annisquam, Mass.	1 00	
M. A. Russell, Boston, Mass.	1 00	
Robt. R. Crosby, "	1 00	
James Batcheller, Marlboro, N. H.	1 00	
Aaron C. Macy, Hudson, N.Y.	1 00	
F. Purdy, Middlebury, O.	1 00	
A. A. Perkins, Willimantic, Ct.	1 00	
Alexander Harvey, Plympton, Mass.	1 00	
Lemuel Stephens, Plymouth, Mass.	1 71	
Anna P. Adams, Canandaigua, N.Y.	1 00	
Lewis Holmes, Bridgewater, Mass.	1 00	
Alexander Grant, Manchester, N.Y.	1 00	
Samuel Clemens, Manchester, N.Y.	1 00	
Eliza J. Clark, Willimantic, Ct.	1 00	
Rev. E. Buckingham, Trenton, N.Y.	1 00	
Martha Root, Paienville, N. Y.	1 00	
Jos. Cope, Short Creek, O.	1 00	
Jonathan Clark, Hampton, Ct.	1 00	
Wm. Clark.	1 00	
Oliver Keese, Peru, N. Y.	1 00	
C. W. H. Keese, "	1 00	
Parmelia Keese, "	1 00	
T. B. Watrous, "	1 00	
Thos. Smith, "	1 00	
John Barker, "	2 00	
M. Hochinson, Kings Ferry, N. Y.	1 00	
D. C. Briggs, Boston, Mass.	1 00	
S. Haxelwood, W. Roxbury, Mass.	1 00	
H. & A. Parmenter, Newport, R. I.	1 00	
Thomas, E. Cox, "	1 00	
H. N. Perkins, Boston, Mass.	1 00	
Wm. Waith, Silver, Creek, O.	1 00	
M. Z. Bullard, Bellingham, Mass.	1 00	
		47 71
DONATIONS.		
Charles, T. Hovey, Boston, Pledge.	1 00	
		100 00
Total Amount,		$174 71

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

Corrections.—Sarah S. Russell's donation was erroneously acknowledged $30. It should have been $50.

NOTICES.

NOTICE OF THE STATE MEETING.

The Tenth Annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Eastern Pennsylvania, will convene in Norristown on Wednesday, the 4th of August. We trust that it is not necessary to urge upon the friends of the cause, the importance of this meeting, or the desirableness of a large and punctual attendance upon it. The present state of our country demands much at the hands of reformers, and the harmony which prevails throughout the society will enable us to make a strong and successful assault upon our common foe. The complacency with which the Mexican war is regarded by all parties, the encouragement which it receives from the *professedly* Christian Church, the seeds of moral death which it is sowing in the nation's heart, call loudly upon us for prompt and efficient action. A testimony against these sins, which shall be heard and *felt*, should go forth from our meeting, a voice which shall penetrate the sealed ears of the morally dead, and help to rouse the Church and the State from their dangerous slumbers. Let the friends of the cause, then, gather in numbers, and strong in heart, ready to devote time and money to the noble work of making the results of the meeting all that the exigencies of the times demand.

On behalf of the Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

Hayworth Wetherald, Secretary.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Ann. T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Anna R. Philbrick,*
Sarah S. Russell.	

☞ The list of names will be published in full, in subsequent numbers of the Liberator and Standard.

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martna Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, & CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

Port Byron, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Port Byron, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. on each day; at SENECA FALLS, on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 29th, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day and evening.

On Sunday, August 1st, Lectures will be delivered at CANANDAIGUA, in the afternoon and evening by SAMUEL R. WARD, Frederick Douglass, and Charles Lenox Remond, and on Monday, August 2d, the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation will take place, in which all these gentlemen will participate.

These are the only meetings which FREDERICK DOUGLASS will be able to attend in our State before September. Let there be a general rally at all these Conventions, as I doubt not there will be. It will be a busy season of the year, but we must avail ourselves of such aid when we can get it, and make the most of it.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 6th month, 12, 1847.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved of by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of man, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Brown, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Mario Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do.

NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NEW YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

PROSPECTUS.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

THE Journals of the day may be divided into three classes—the Sectarian, the Partisan, and the Popular. Of the fifteen hundred serial publications in our land, I know of but two or three which pretend to be devoted to the cause of Truth on all subjects, unrestrained by sectarian or partizan interest, or by a desire, from selfish motives, to please the greatest number of readers. Those which are not controlled by some religious sect, or political party, or other society of exclusives, are decidedly of the popular class, and will defend no cause, however good, if it be unfavourably regarded by the mass; nor publish the honest opinions of any individual, if they be opposed to the general sentiment. Hence, the periodicals of the day, do not maintain an unreserved allegiance to Truth, on the triumph of which depends the greatest good of the human family. The cause of Truth demands journals devoted to her interests, through whose pages the thoughts of every candid mind can be brought before the public and thoroughly canvassed.

To supply, in part, this desideratum, is the Herald of Truth projected. It will be emphatically what its name purports, a Herald of Truth, on all subjects, without reference to the interest of any exclusive sect, party, or society, or to popular considerations.

It will be devoted to the interests of Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Science, and Art. It will review such of the new publications as are of substantial value, and canvass all questionable doctrines that may be published. Philosophers have demonstrated the infinite Wisdom and boundless Benevolence of God in contemplating His Physical Universe, and it is time the same demonstration were made in relation to the mental world. In the former, the sublimest order is manifest, while in the latter, the debasement and miseries that afflict mankind, indicate the deepest confusion and disorder. He is not responsible for the evils of the mental universe, for man originated them, and by man they can and will be removed.

The discussion of the laws of our mental and physical organizations, and the necessity of obedience to them, as the only mode of human regeneration, will constitute a particular feature of the Herald of Truth.

It will engage vigorously in all the Reforms of the day which are founded in Truth, and as it will "hope all things" and "believe all things," for the final triumph of Humanity over all evil, the only limit to its aspiration will be the entire redemption of the human race.

The Herald of Truth is published *monthly*, in Cincinnati, containing *eighty* octavo pages, neatly printed on fine paper. It will comprise two volumes annually, of 480 pages each, and will be offered on the following liberal terms:

One yearly subscription, $3.00; two copies per year, $5.00; five copies per year, $11.00; ten copies per year, $20.00; twenty copies per year, $30.00. The offer of twenty copies for the extraordinary low price of $30, is made to those alone who form a club, and order the work to be sent to the same Post Office. A liberal discount will be made to Agents.

The Herald of Truth is placed on a firm basis by several individuals of great pecuniary power. It will appear promptly on the first of the month.

Papers copying this Prospectus a few times will receive the work. L. A. HINE, Editor.

A FINE PORTRAIT
OF THE
LATE REV. WILLIAM KNIBB,
OF JAMAICA.

BEAUTIFULLY printed in Lithograph, coloured, and mounted. Size of the Portrait 9 1-2 inches by 13 1-4 inches. "This is decidedly the most truthful and spirited of the many Portraits that have been published of this distinguished advocate of the long oppressed slave, and will serve to preserve the memory of a great and good man."—*London Times.*

Price only One Dollar, (published in London for Five Dollars.) Imported, and for sale by
GEORGE VIRTUE,
26 John street, New-York.
July 2, 1847.—4tis

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humhugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.
CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.
May 8, 1847.—Iy. is.

Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FRESH and new goods just received, consisting in part of shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown;
Manchester ginghams of superior quality, various style.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Colored table-cloths, imitation of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Cotton laps and wadding, white and coloured. Also,
Refined loaf, crushed, and polverized sugar.
Brown sugar good quality, of different grades, by the barrel, bag, or pound.
Sugar-house and West India molasses, good quality.
Rice, coffee, and chocolate.
Superior Teas, Selected with care, for family use or stores, viz: Fine Oolong, Souchong, and other black teas.
Also, green tea of superior quality.
Various spices and confectionary, &c. &c. The whole stock exclusively of free labor goods, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of country merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
(Successor to Joel Fisher.)
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry sts.
Philadelphia, 3d mo. 25th, 1847.—ly.*

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE WARNING CALL.

(Affectionately addressed to Anti-Slavery Christians in connection with Pro-Slavery Churches.)

"And I heard another voice from Heaven, saying—'Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues; for her sins have reached unto Heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.'"—Rev. xviii. 4, 5.

Hark! to that loud and startling cry,
Rending with thunder-tones the sky;
Hear, O my people hear!
Come from among a guilty race,
Forsake each sin-polluted place
Ere I in wrath appear.

Come forth, come forth! why yet delay!
Danger and death attends your stay;
Your life, your soul 's at stake;
I am the Lord, my judgments wait,
While Mercy, early pleads and late,
That all may sin forsake.

I am the Lord! for evermore,
The same in justice and in power;
JEHOVAH is my name!
In vain proud sinners shall combine,
And hand in hand together join,
I cover them with shame.

Beneath the waters Sodom lies,
O'er Pharaoh's hosts the billows rise,
And Babel's towers are dust:
Nor did in equal justice spare,
The chosen seed, my special care,
When faithless to their trust.

Come forth, come forth, see Mercy's day
In twilight shadows fade away;
Escape, there yet is time,
Ere vengeance rolls it fiery flood,
And night in darkness and in blood,
Descends on guilt and crime.

JAMES STILLMAN.

◆

From the Literary World.

SONNET.

"LIFE IS A SYSTEM OF COMPROMISES."

Oh! for a touch of those heroic days
When neither sordid thrift, nor sensual lure,
Nor indolence, the deadly and the sure
Corrupter of the heart which it betrays,
Could turn the soul from high and loyal ways.
Oh! for the mailed Knight, strong to endure
Or flee Armida spells—lofty and pure
To tread unharmed her garden's wildering maze,
The devious path, the false and glozing tongue
Were scaly dragons, in their loathsome den,
'Gainst which he quaintly urged chivalric deed—
Nor silken couch, nor syren-luring song,
From Honour, Truth, and Right, beguiled the men
Of that brave iron age and massive creed.

Eos.

◆

From the Portsmouth [N. H.] Journal.

WHO IS THE TRAITOR?

BY JAMES KENNARD, JR.

Who deserves the burning curses
Heaped upon the traitor's head?
"He who renders aid and comfort
To the enemy," 't is said.

Who then, is the greatest traitor
On this vast terrestrial ball?
He who renders aid and comfort
To the Enemy of All.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XV.

The Marquis Hermonas, with a brilliant suite, and Jean François, attended by a company of black leaders and Monks, were now, after the massacre of the poor credulous French in Port Dauphin on their way to the camp that extended between the parishes of Limbé and Marmelade. A solemn mass was first of all to be performed for the successful extirpation of so much heresy, and a council of war to be held to devise means to drive the enemy from the narrow strip of coast, which General De la Veaux continued so bravely to maintain.

"I fear," said the Marquis to his black friend, Jean François, as they rode along, "that we shall have to stand a hard conflict. The just punishment which has overtaken the regicides in Port Dauphin, will prevent the rest from putting themselves in our power. They will fight to the last man, and that De la Veaux has declared in a letter which has fallen into my hands."

"Whoso sheddeth blood," said Prior Vasques, who joined in the conversation, "by man shall his blood be shed!! thus saith God and the holy Church. They ought all to die."

A slight expression of scorn passed over the face of Hermonas, as he looked at the Priest, and replied: "I have nothing to say to that, let them die, but let us catch them first. But, worthy Prior, it would be a proud day for me could I take De la Veaux alive, and make an example of him. At all events I hope he will have to surrender to the English, or to us, and that the latter may take place, I have formed a plan to send Colonel Toussaint and his brigade into the mountains, between Port de Paix and the Mole St. Nicholas. Those passes secured, La Veaux is in our power."

At the mention of the name of Toussaint, the Prior and Jean François exchanged significant looks. "This Colonel," said Vasques, "seems to possess especial favour in the eyes of your highness."

"And do you not believe, that that excellent black merits the favour of men, as he certainly does the grace of God?" replied the Marquis. "I have carefully observed this extraordinary man, and as pure a soul I have found in him as dwells in the bosom of a saint."

"Certainly," said the Prior, who with difficulty concealed his envy under an appearance of assent, "certainly the worthy Colonel is a distinguished Christian. If only his other qualities———"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted the Marquis. "It seems to be thought that he is wanting in the abilities that might raise him to a higher grade in the conduct of this war. It is even insinuated that he is unequal to any great enterprise. But so eminent a Christian, a man who shows himself so able in council, who enjoys the love of his associates in so great a degree, will also not want power to execute what he advises. I have seen," he continued, looking sharply at both, "that be is regarded by some with no good will; I grant, that his military talents may not be of the highest order, although, as chief of the staff of your Excellency, he has rendered good service, while his piety, his zeal for the cause of his Majesty, command my admiration and my love."

Vasques perceived that he was not on the right track to undermine the favourite of the Marquis.—But he was a Spanish Priest, and knew more ways than one to attain his end.

"It is very strange," he resumed, "that I have heard directly the reverse of this Toussaint. It cannot be concealed, your Excellency, that reports of quite an opposite character are circulated. The profound humility of many men often hides the most intense ambition. There are not wanting instances of the blackest treachery thus consummated, and the most sharp-sighted observers have been at fault."

"I trust," said Don Hermonas, proudly, "that these words are not pointed at me and Colonel Toussaint?"

"God and his saints forbid!" replied the Priest. "I insinuate nothing. But this man used to pass for a magician among his brethren. He was said to know many secret arts, how to tame wild beasts, and bend men to his will. He lives, they say, on fruits, and the simplest food, but who knows how this food is prepared and by whom? The power of Hell is great, and there are examples, in holy books, relating how the devil has prepared food in consequence of a secret contract. In the eyes of men this food seemed plain enough. But in truth it was all a delusion.—I mean not to cast any reflection upon Colonel Toussaint, but caution is a part of wisdom, and God keep your Excellency."

The cunning Prior had struck the right string to awaken distrust in the Spaniard, who, after a long pause, turned to Jean François. "Toussaint," said he, "was for a long time your chief aid, and you say nothing of him?"

"What could I say," replied the negro, "that your Excellency does not know. Valga me Dios! he is a wise man, who can read books, and write.—He has become a good Christian, but be is old, and of little use more as a soldier."

"But do you believe that he is ambitious?" asked Hermonas.

"Many believe so," said Jean François, evasively, "and they say, too, he is a magician."

"Enough!" cried the Marquis. "I see how it is. The old Toussaint excites jealousy. But he a traitor! He a magician! Bring me proofs, and I 'll confess myself a credulous fool."

As they approached Marmelade, they came to a spot, where stood, under a slight roof, a picture of the Virgin, and they saw a man bowing down before it with all the appearance of the deepest devotion.—Such a sight could not escape the devout Marquis, but when he came near the supplicant and discovered that it was an officer of the army, that it was Toussaint himself, he seized the hand of the Prior, and exclaimed in triumph, "Look you, worthy Father, that is the man who is a magician, a hypocrite, a traitor. It is my friend, of whom I am proud, and whom I almost honour as a saint."

He checked his horse, and his whole suite did the same. Such respect shown to the praying, beggarly slave, offended the Prior most of all, and he inwardly swore to unmask the miserable hypocrite. He was inwardly convinced that his estimation of Toussaint was correct, and fanatic as he was himself, he suspected the sincerity of others. He whispered to Jean François: "Take care, this man will be General next, if we do not succeed in exposing his falsehood."

Toussaint had now ended his devotion, and without any expression of surprise, he approached the group of horsemen. The Marquis offered him his hand, and so led the conversation as to put Vasques and his allies to shame. The answers of Toussaint were simple and pious, and Hermonas, while he paid him many compliments, intimated that so eminent a Christian merited the highest worldly honours.

"My mind," replied Toussaint, smiling, "rests not on the vanities of life. I have endeavoured to overcome all infirmities. I am old, and near the grave. When I look back, I thank the grace which has kept me from great sins."

Such an answer delighted the Marquis, who cast a meaning look upon his companions, but Toussaint passed to temporal matters, informing the Marquis that he had collected the greater part of the division, which he commanded in Marmelade, as he had received intelligence that Don Hermonas intended to hold a council of war there, and attend mass on account of the happy extermination of the heretics in Port Dauphin.

"We missed you there greatly, my dear Toussaint," said the General.

"I thank the saints," replied Toussaint, "that I received orders to come to Marmelade."

Hermonas looked at him with surprise. The Prior smiled maliciously. "I should, perhaps," continued Toussaint, "have been tempted to have tried to save some of the heretics, and should thus have incurred condemnation."

"Thou true son of the Church," exclaimed Hermonas, how it rejoices me to witness such piety."

They now drew near to the place appointed.—The houses, by Toussaint's orders, were hung with laurels and flowers. The black soldiers formed a line to the Church, where a solemn service was performed, followed by the Lord's Supper. It was evident with what pleasure the Marquis witnessed the devout deportment of his protégé, and when at the close of the service, all assembled round a common table, he was heard to utter that strong expression of his admiration of Toussaint, which the history of the times has preserved. "Never saw I a more elevated piety. No, God himself, if he were to descend to earth, could not find a purer soul!"

Consultations followed, which ended in deciding that Toussaint should occupy the passes in the mountains. He himself had various objections to urge, and, while he did not directly decline the honour of an independent command, as it accorded with his plans, he yet took care to preserve that modest deportment, which only increased the zeal of his friends in his favour.

When all was settled, the Marquis led Toussaint aside. "You have enemies," said he, "who depreciate your merits. But fear nothing. Rely upon me." Toussaint bowed humbly, and Hermonas left him. Shortly after Toussaint found himself alone with Jean François, who embraced him, and exclaimed, "my brother, I have done you wrong.—Latterly I have been suspicious that you were cherishing hostile designs. It was whispered that you were in correspondence with the Cape. Macaya told me that you were in communication with Jean Kinon and Pierrot, and others talked of your influence as greater than mine. But I have seen to-day how false it is all. You did not wish to leave me, to command an army of your own. Henceforth I will honour you as my father. I will declare it before all that your advice has been my guide. I know very well that it is only through you that I am master of this army. You a traitor! No, no, I would not believe it, even though you really, as they say, had the Priest of Dondon and the young heretic, Vincent in your house."

For an instant, Toussaint was alarmed at these allusions, but he was immediately convinced that Jean François was wholly free from all distrust.—The latter poured forth his protestations of confidence and friendship. The moment they separated, Toussaint proceeded to make preparations for the great step which he meditated. He rode through the camp, halting here and there to speak to one and another. His penetrating looks, and his reputation for piety and a supernatural wisdom, filled the rude minds of the negroes with awe, while they regarded him with confidence and love.

This remarkable black had, in common with the greatest Captains and Statesmen, a wonderful gift of memory. He never lost sight of any individual who had in any way distinguished himself. Hence his name obtained greater authority in the army than Jean François'. All appealed to him. And he treated all matters, even the most insignificant, with seriousness, and sometimes with a wholesome serenity. This black chief would dismount from his horse, to comfort some sick one whom he knew, to prescribe remedies, or he would take the infant from the arms of its half-naked mother, and caress it, and then return it to the mother frantic with joy. His wisdom was admired, and his kindness, and acclamations followed him when in all his military trappings, he again mounted his horse, and, followed by his suite, darted away.

Mid-day had passed, and Jean François, after a luxurious meal, had thrown himself on a soft couch, when he was aroused by Father Vasques. "In the name of God," exclaimed the Prior, "rise up; my dear friend, we have caught the snake, and truly, he shall not sting us any more."

"What is it you say, reverend Father?" said Jean François.

"What you do not guess, my dear General," said Vasques. "I have certain intelligence that this pious Toussaint is a traitor. In Limbé, in his house, he has the Priest of Dondon concealed, and an aid of General De la Veaux. Do n't you recollect Macaya insisted that he saw them both at Port Dauphin?—They escaped, and with the devil's help this traitor rescued them."

"And who has seen them in Toussaint Breda's house?" asked Jean François.

"Macaya himself," replied the Priest. "He was in Limbé. He swears that it was them."

"He 's a sot, against whom you warned me, Father," said the General.

"Macaya," added Vasques, "has spoken with Toussaint himself, and told him what he believes. 'Old friends, fugitives,' Toussaint called them, and when Macaya mentioned their names, Toussaint nodded and laughed, and laid his finger on his mouth."

"Ah, now I understand it all," said Jean François, bursting into a laugh. "Let him alone, let him alone, and he has, I suppose, given certain orders to the men under his command?"

"That he has," cried the Priest, astonished.—"The regiment of sharp-shooters has gone off at his command to Limbé, to the division under Dessalines."

"Well done, well done!" shouted Jean François. "Well done."

"Your Excellency," said Vasques, angrily, "there is no time to lose. Upon my peril, in the name of God! seize the traitor.

"In the name of God, dear friend," said the negro, "let poor Toussaint be."

The Priest repeated all his adjurations, but the obstinate black tossed about on his cushions, and only cried, well done.

"You are befooled," cried Vasques, at last, in a rage. "I command you, in the name of the King, to arrest the traitor!"

"And I," said Jean François, whose head was not wholly unaffected by the wine he had drunk, "I command you to leave me alone."

"In the name of Marquis Hermonas!" cried Vasques.

"To the devil with the Marquis," shouted Jean François, in full negro fury. "I will not annoy my good brother Toussaint. He is a true Christian and a faithful friend. He has explained it all,——" and here he burst into a peal of laughter,—"You let yourself be befooled by a man like this Macaya."

The Priest saw plainly that Jean François was not to be moved. "O, what mischief!" he sighed aloud, "the Marquis is back to Dondon."

"And I command here, in my camp," cried the negro, imperiously. "Be so good, therefore, as to let me sleep, Father. To-morrow we will consider the matter."

Vasques muttered a curse upon him, and hastened away; and after a few minutes a Spanish officer was seen rapidly riding off towards Dondon.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the meanwhile in Toussaint's dwelling at Limbé, the day went more and more merrily. The two brides, Helen and Aimé, expressed their happiness in very different ways. The latter danced a wild African war-dance with her cousins, in the large hall of the house, while in a remote part of the garden, in a cool grotto, sate Helen and Vincent, where they were shortly joined by the Abbé and the worthy Master Bertrand, who carried on a lively and rallying conversation until their loud laughter drew to the spot the sons of Toussaint, who were playing in the garden, and the younger of whom, Placide, had conceived a special fondness for the beautiful white lady. The bright black boy threw himself at her feet, while Isaac, more grave, entreated Vincent to come into the house to his mother, who had prepared there a festive entertainment.

All accepted the invitation, and Placide caught the youngest of his brothers, the little St. Jean, and placing him on his shoulders, ran on with the laughing child. The Doctor gave his arm to the bride, and casting a look of mingled pride and pity on the Abbé, pity, as he said, partly on account of his celibacy, and partly on the emaciation which made La Haye, the mournful shadow of a more prosperous past.

Thus they reached the cool house, where several persons were busy sprinkling water around, in order to cool the air. On entering, Vincent saw that Toussaint's whole family were there assembled, his nephews, nieces, and his two brothers. At last appeared the wife of Toussaint, who, as a pattern of hospitality, carefully saw to everything in the house and kitchen. She had formerly been a house-slave, and had worked in the kitchen of M. Libertas.—She took pride in her experience and skill as a cook, and had much to say on such matters.

"Hush, mother," cried Placide. "It is well father does not hear you. He does not like, you know, that you should talk of such things."

The good hearted woman smiled. "Toussaint," said she, to Vincent, "thinks like a man. We women cannot lose these recollections. I thank God he had delivered us from bondage, but why should I forget that I was once a poor, ill-used slave. It is not a bitter thought, it is pleasant to think how different it is now."

The gentle words of the good woman, and her affectionate manner were not without their influence. Vincent could not help thinking of the singular part she would play, when her husband, as a French General, should enter the circle of social life. Her husband, with wonderful tact, had caught all the forms and refinements of life; but his wife, under the burden of titles, dignities, and diamonds, was ever the quiet, good, active housekeeper, who had no disposition to mingle in bold plans, or to compel the homage of the world. Vincent saw with wonder what progress the negroes had made towards European culture, since he last sate at Toussaint's table. The manners of the women were greatly improved, and they inquired of him with great curiosity, about the ladies, and balls, and fashions at the Cape. When the evening was somewhat advanced, Toussaint suddenly made his appearance. Aimé, who was just then singing a rude song to a three-stringed instrument, was instantly silenced by a look. Toussaint greeted all his friends, and then brought in a guest who had come with him. This guest was Dessalines. The presence of this man, did not seem to be agreeable to any of the family. Paul and Charles Belair regarded him askance. The nieces whispered together, Helen trembled, for she had heard much of this man's cruelty, the Doctor muttered something about simia Beelzebub, and only Vincent and the Abbé paid the new-comer any special attention. While Toussaint was caressing his children, La Haye talked with Dessalines, who had taken a seat at his side, and to whom the Abbe mentioned the name of Vincent. Dessalines fell to devouring the food, with which his plate was heaped, with a voracity which contrasted strongly with the abstemiousness of Toussaint. A peculiar expression was depicted on the countenance of the latter, when Dessalines slowly raised his downcast eye, and fastened it on the strangers, and then drew out his snuff-box, and felt of the tobacco. The trial seemed to be favourable, for he grinned again, and then stretched out his coarse hand to Vincent, nodded, and said: "Sir, Jacob Dessalines wishes you well, and hopes to be your friend."

Vincent took the offered hand, while he suppressed a shudder, which arose at the thought of the French and innocent blood that hand had shed.

Dessalines threw an impatient look at Toussaint, which the latter well understood, for he rose and went to the door, at which Moses now appeared, sword in hand.

"Is all ready?" asked Toussaint.

"All," replied the young black.

Toussaint then turned to Vincent and the Abbé, and said: "Citizen La Haye, you desired to go back, in order to bring back to me, in writing, the confirmation of our alliance from the Governor-General, Can you swear by God and his saints, that it is the sincere determination of the Government to accord to us all equal civil rights, and to the officers and soldiers of the army the rank which they now hold?"

"In the name of Heaven, that can I," said La Haye, amazed.

"And you, Citizen Vincent, can you confirm this on your conscience?"

"I pledge my honour and my life for it!" said the French officer, solemnly.

"Well, then," replied Toussaint, "you see us ready instantly to obey the call of our country, and accept her citizenship. A column of four thousand men, whom I command, is at this moment moving in the heights between Marmelade and Limbé towards the boundaries. We will start immediately, the battalion of Dessalines will join us. Before morning, we shall be within the territory of the Republic, and there unfurl our tri-coloured standard. In ten days," he added, in a tone of the calmest confidence, "forty thousand black combatants will be gathered round me, then these mountains, which we now leave by night, will see us return in broad day. Our meal is over, our horses and mules are waiting—in ten minutes we must be on our way."

These last words produced a great sensation among the women, who, accustomed as they were to sudden alarms and sudden changes of residence, yet seemed inclined to regard the matter as a jest, or to prove refractory.

"It is impossible, almost," said the wife of Toussaint, beseechingly; "we have so many things here to take with us."

"Nothing can be taken," he replied.

"But," said the meek woman, timidly, "I should think we had a good deal here that one would leave behind. This beautiful porcelain, for instance."

"And the new clothes, which Hermonas gave us, and the beautiful hat with feathers, and the pretty pictures in gold frames, which we received from Don Diego," cried the nieces.

Toussaint smiled. "Not a pin more than you carry with you shall go," be replied. There yonder, there is glass and porcelain, silver and gold, feathers and pictures, and I promise you, you shall all have better and handsomer things than you leave. Shame upon you! See, the only one ready to go is the brave Aimé, who stands here sword in hand." And so it was. Aimé had just appeared with a red handkerchief wound round her head, and in her hand a sword, presenting a picturesque appearance.

"I have this day sworn up there in the church," said she, "never to forsake Charles, and here I am. Uncle, I pray you let me be with him, wherever you send him, by him is my place in life and death."

"You are one of those women," said he, "that they called Amazons in old times. You are not made for the still house. But now there is little for you to do." He beckoned to Charles Belair, and whispered to him a few words. Vincent was reminded of a former occasion, when, as a prisoner, he was put in charge of Belair, and Helen was at his side, and Toussaint, the good angel, appearing for their rescue.

"You know my will," said Toussaint to Charles, aloud. "I trust you, my son, because you are brave and patient, and therefore fitted to be a General, as well as the husband of this wild Aimé. Follow my nephew, with the women," said he, turning to Vincent," and I trust we shall all meet again before day dawns."

He took the hand of his wife, and the other women were led out by their attendants. All sobbed softly or loudly at this hasty flight. Toussaint stood at the door. "Not a word," said he, "not a sound, nothing is more dangerous to-night than a prattling tongue. Whoever cannot hold it, must bite it off."

These words, uttered with great seriousness, sufficed to produce the most perfect silence. Only his wife, half aloud, bade some servants put out the lights and to fasten up and conceal the things as much as possible.

"It cannot be," said Toussaint, "let the lights burn, and the doors stand open, and every one, who belongs to us, go with us. Let any one take these trifles who will. By the Mother of God, I will supply their place a thousand fold."

So saying, he placed his wife on one of the mules, the rest followed, and a small company of soldiers, who stepped forth out of the shadows of night, completed the cavalcade. They passed close by the lighted rooms, and it was a singular sight to look in, and see the tables so richly covered. A few moments before, joy and mirth reigned there, now all was given up to any band or any accident.

Without a word spoken, they proceeded on their way, and came soon upon a column of silent forms which proved to be the division of Dessalines. At the moment they reached it, the noise of arms was heard, the sound of several voices, the steps of an approaching body of men, and the stamping and snorting of horses.

"What is that?" murmured Toussaint. "Treachery! Down! down to the ground!" The troop who surrounded him instantly followed his order, and threw themselves flat on the earth, while those of his party who were mounted, halted, listening anxiously to those strange sounds. The usual summons were heard; two different parties had evidently met, Dessalines was at the head of his men.

"Spaniards!" cried a voice, in the darkness, and Toussaint recognized the speaker, an old Spanish officer. "Who are you?" added the voice. "Why are you here at night? Who commands you?"

"Dessalines!" replied the rough voice of that leader, "What do you want in Limbé?"

"Here is Macaya," answered the Spaniard, riding nearer. "Lucky that we have met, Dessalines, we have a message for you from the Marquis Hermonas, who wishes to speak with you and Colonel Toussaint instantly." At this moment the voice was interrupted. A loud cry for help, a fall was heard and then Dessalines shouted: "Cut them down! down with the Spanish dogs!"

A terrible confusion followed, and although but a few shots were fired, and the war-cries of the negroes were suppressed, yet it was evident a bloody fight was going on. The Spaniards were surprised, separated, surrounded, and fell, almost without striking a blow, under the swords of their allies. Toussaint called to Charles Belair to take a side path towards the mountains. The direction was followed, and the little escort of faithful Aradas surrounded the mules, and the party disappeared rapidly among the hills.

They were now soon in the very bosom of the mountains, and Belair ordered the feet of the mules to be muffled, and cautioned every one to preserve the utmost silence.

"Are there dangers still in the way?" asked Vincent.

Belair pointed to the rocks. "We must take that direction," said he, "and the stumbling of one of the beasts, a sound, a breath, may betray us to the Spanish sentinels."

"Then," said Vincent, uneasily, "it would have been better to remain with the main body, and overpower one of the Spanish posts."

"No, no," replied the negro, "you do n't know them, these Spaniards. They have cannon planted at all the passes. The fight that has just taken place will make them wide awake, and my uncle, bold as he is, will not venture now to attack the posts at Tannerie. He had laid the right plan to deceive them, to pretend to be holding a feast in his home all lighted up, and so under this cover to slip past the Spanish guards. But now that bloody beast, Dessalines, has spoilt it all, and they will have difficulty enough, creeping on their bellies, and letting themselves down the most dangerous places, to pass the Spanish lines."

"And we," said Vincent.

"We go our own way," replied Belair, "and this will certainly please you."

By the light of the stars, which grew always greater in the clear mountain air, they now proceeded under the shadow of some woods. But this protection soon ceased, and the mules in long single file, entered a pass between high rocks. Lights were visible above on both sides. It was the Spanish blockhouses guarding a passage that led down into the Plain towards the sea. "I should laugh at these wretched blockhouses and their cannon," whispered Belair, "if there were not some works below that sweep the whole road, and that, a Spanish company occupies. We must, therefore, choose the hardest but the safest way." They, therefore, left the beaten track, and so cautiously, that Belair, who was leading Aimé's mule, suddenly stood still and watched a black point that seemed to move to and fro before them. In a moment was heard the click of a musket, and a deep guttural voice humming a song, but instantly the singing ceased, and the voice called "Quien va allé? Alto ahi—who goes there! Stand!"

The whole cavalcade stood still, not a limb moved, and presently, a second voice, higher up, cried; "Juan Harisba! brother, do you see ghosts! By the Mother of God! you will rouse up the whole watch, and catch nothing but a bat."

"Have not you heard the shooting?" called the Spanish sentinel, in reply.

"To be sure," said the other, "but the Mother of God only knows what the cursed negroes are about."

"And I," said the first voice, "I could have sworn that something was moving somewhere about here, although I can see nothing."

"Come up here," cried the guard on the rocks, laughing. "There's a bright light over the Mornes, the moon is rising, and you will see better, after a good draught from my flask."

The other had no objection to the proposal, and proceeded to accept it, muttering curses on the rough rocks.

"Lucky for him and for us," whispered Belair, as he rose from the earth, and put back his knife into his girdle. "There is no way but this, and we should have had to pass over the dead body of that soldier."

Quickly and cautiously the mules, with their trembling but silent riders, were led onwards, and now the way led down into a dark but precipitous abyss, where a single false step would have been utter destruction. The farther they advanced, the darker became the place, but the safer also became their enterprise. A small mountain stream dashed and clamoured by the way. The Spanish sentinels looked out a second time, but Belair laughed, and bade them good evening. If his voice reached them, they must have taken it for some evil spirit rather than a man. The gap lay between rocks more than a hundred feet high. Who would ever have suspected that such a party were passing through that darkness? But they soon reached a point, where all danger was over, and Belair kissed and embraced Aimé, and declared that after passing a few heights, the plain of the North would be visible. Here they paused to rest, and then resuming their way, until just as the red gray dawn was visible, the masses of negroes who became visible had broken forth out of the mountains. Three shots in quick succession were returned by Belair, and suddenly some horsemen rapidly approached. Among them was Toussaint wrapped in a large cloak and on his white horse, that winnied as the children of his master rushed towards him. Toussaint first took the youngest in his arms, who was still sunk in the sleep in which he had passed through the perils of the night. He then saluted all his friends, and at last turned to Vincent: "Now, M. Adjutant General, it is for you to keep your promises. Toussaint Breda has done what he had to do, and what he should, We are on French soil, lead us to the Governor-General.

(To be continued.)

BAR-BARIAN WIT.—The bar is noted for its wit, but it is not always that the best things are said before the bar. A poor fellow, in his examination the other day, was asked if he had not been in that court before, and what for? (He had been up for body-stealing.) "It was for nothing at all," said the humourist, "honely rearing a fellow creetur from the grave."

THE FLOWER OF WAPPING.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the Fuchsia, into our English Greenhouses and parlour windows. Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener, near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared—"Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping." "No! and pray what was this phoenix like?"—"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches; their colour the richest crimson; in the centre of a fold of deep purple," and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it."—"I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."—"But I must have it."—"No, Sir?"—"Here," emptying his pocket, "here are gold, silver, copper;" (his stock was something more than eight guineas.)—"Well-a-day! but this is a power of money, sure and sure."—"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."—"Alack, alack!"—"You shall, I say, by Jove!" A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off, and utterly destroy, every vestige of blossom and blossom bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in dark-beds and hot-beds; were re-divided, and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred Fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed in to his show-house. A lady came:—"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?" "Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?" "A guinea—thank your ladyship;" and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyships boudoir. My dear Charlotte, where did you get?" &c. &c. "Oh! 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty, is it not?"—"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price!"—"A guinea; there was another left." The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering-plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen Fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new-comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nurseryground. Two Fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his respository.

He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the window of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

MUMMY SCRIP FROM EGYPT.

Speculation has taken a new turn respecting the mummies of Egypt. Formerly the question was why were they made? The more utilitarian spirit of the present day inquires, what can be made of them? It is actually proposed to strip them of their manifold wrappers of sumptuous linen, in order that the cloth may be manufactured into paper, for the profit of the Pasha's Government! The details are given in an article of *Lo Spettatore Egiziano*, an Italian newspaper recently started in Grand Cairo, and conducted with great zeal and ability.

The writer, whose proposal had been already laid before the Government, sets out by assuming that embalming was practised in Egypt for at least twenty-one centuries, that is from the time of Joseph to the birth of Christ. Allowing thirty-two years to a generation, the population (700,000) must have been renewed about sixty and a half times during the twenty-one centuries. That is to say, four hundred and twenty millions of bodies must have been mummified in that period. Estimating the cloth employed in wrapping the mup at two kilogrammes (*four pounds*) per mummy, there would *be a total* of eight-hundred and forty million kilogrammes, or 8,400,000 metrical quintals of cloth, which may be used for the manufacture of paper. Now supposing that even one-half of this quantity has been destroyed by the Arabs and others, let us ask what value may be assigned to the remaining 4,200,000 metrical quintals.

"Here," says the ingenious speculator, "it is necessary, to observe, that the cloth which encloses the mummies is all of the finest linen; and everybody knows how superior the paper manufactured from yarn is to that made from other substances. The rags that serve for the preparation of paper are now sold in France at the rate of 200 piastres (50f.) per metrical quintal. Subtracting from this sum 100 piastres for expenses, or rather more, to keep always below an impossible *minimum*, there will nevertheless remain a total of 420,000,000 piastres, or 105,000,000 f. or 21,000,000 dollars. Only admitting the half of this result, viz: 10,500,000 dollars, every one will agree that this industrial resource, reduced to its very lowest proportions, would, nevertheless, yield an immense profit to his Highness the Pasha of Egypt."—*English Paper.*

From Bamford's "Life of a Radical,'

COLLECTED WISDOM AND DIGNITY OF THE NATION.

At the head of one room, or rather den, for such it appeared to me, sat a person in a full loose robe of scarlet and white, Above his head were the royal arms, richly gilded: at his feet several man in robes and wigs writing at a large table, on which lamps were burning, which cast a softened light on a rich ornament like a ponderous sceptre of silver and gold. These persons I knew must be the Speaker and clerks of the House, and the rich ornament could be nothing else than the mace—the same thing, or one in its place, to which Cromwell pointed, and said, "Take away the bauble for shame—give way to honester men." On each side of this pit-looking place, leaving an open space in the centre of the floor, were some three or four hundred of the most ordinary-looking men I had ever beheld at one view. Some were striking exceptions; several young fellows in military dresses gave relief to the sombre drapery of the others. Canning, with his smooth, bare, and capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in his looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring on its prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immoveable features; Burdett, with his head carried back and held high, as in defiance; and Brougham, with his Arab soul ready to rush forth and challenge war with all comers. The question to me was solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will and applauding listeners. Our friends were few and far between, with no applauders save their good conscience and the blessing of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by "the collective wisdom of the nation;" some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half-dozens; others were lolling on their seats; some with arms a-kimbo were eye-glassing across the House; some were stiffened immoveably by starch, or pride, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so, by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance, when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feed time. Now he points menacing to the ministerial benches; now he appeals to some members on this side, then to the Speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud; some whinnied in mock laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called "Order, order;,' some, "Question, question; " some beat time with the heel of their boots; some snorted in their napkins; and one old gentleman in the side gallery actually coughed himself from a mock cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face. And are these, thought I, the beings whose laws we must obey? This the "most illustrious assembly of freemen in the world?" Perish freedom, then, and her children, too! Oh! for the stamp of a stern old Oliver on this floor; and the clank of his scabbard, and the rush of his iron armed band, and his voice to arise above this Babel howl—"Take away that bauble! Be gone! Give place to honester men!" Such was my first view of the House of Commons.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

DIMENSIONS OF EUROPEAN CHURCHES.—The *Roman Advertiser* gives the following statistics of the capabilities of St. Peter's, as compared with other great churches, allowing four persons to every quadrate meter (square yard):—

	Persons.	Sq. yds.
St. Peter's	54,000	13.500
Milan Cathedral	37.000	9.250
St. Paul's, at Rome	32.000	8,000
St. Paul's, at London	25,900	6,400
St. Petronio, at Bologna	24,400	6.100
Florence Cathedral	24,300	6 075
Antwerp Cathedral	24,000	6.000
St. Sophia's, Constantinople	20,000	5.750
St. John, Lateran	22.900	5,755
Noire Dame, at Paris	21.000	5,250
Pisa Cathedral	13 000	3,250
St. Stephen's, at Vienna	12,400	3.100
St. Dominic's, at Bologna	12,000	3 000
St. Peter's, at Bologna	11,400	2,850
Cathedral of Sienna	11,000	2,750
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000	1,750

The piazza of St. Peter's, in its widest limits, allowing twelve persons to the quadrate meter, holds 924,000; allowing four to the same, drawn up in military array, 208,000. In its narrower limits, not comprising the porticos or the piazza rusticci, 474,000 crowded, and 138,000 in military array, to the quadrate meter.

LIBERTY.—Liberty is to the collective body what health is to the individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man: without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

MATRIMONY AND MONEY.—Punch says:—It may perhaps be proper to state, that the distinguished personage known among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*, has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*, and will hereafter devote his attention to matter-of money as well as love affairs.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—A Welch paper has the following: "There is a man in this place known by the name of Will of the Will, who resides and sleeps every night in a room upon straw laid upon the floor, with his wife, seven children, thirty ducks, forty hens and chickens, four owls, and six rabbits."

SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH, BART.—The late Lord Saye and Sele having died without issue, a portion of his estate descends to his cousin, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, from their maternal grandfather, Lord Eardley. Sir Culling is required, in order to inherit this property, to abandon his paternal name of Smith, and to assume that of Eardley, and will, therefore, in a few days be gazetted as Sir Culling Eardley, Bart.

Bonaparte once at a party, placed himself directly before a witty and beautiful lady, and said very abruptly, "Madam, I don't like that women should meddle with politics." "You are very right, General," she replied; "but in a country where women are beheaded, it is natural they should desire to know the reason."

HOW TO MAKE CLOUTED CREAM.—Devonshire is celebrated for a delicacy prepared from the milk, well known as clouted cream. In order to obtain this, the milk is suffered to stand in a vessel for twenty-four hours; it is then placed over a stove or slow fire, and very gradually heated to an almost simmering state, below the boiling point. When this is accomplished (the first bubble having appeared), the milk is removed from the fire, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours more. At the end of this time the cream will have arisen to the surface, in a thick or clouted state, and is removed: in this state it is eaten as a luxury; but it is often converted into butter, which is done by stirring it briskly with the hand, or a stick. The butter thus made, though more in quantity, is not equal in quality to that procured from the cream which has risen slowly and spontaneously; and in the largest and best dairies in the vale of Honiton the cream is never clouted, except when intended for the table in that state.

THE SO-CALLED POTATOE DISEASE.—Mr. Alfred Smee, who has all along attributed the potatoe disease to the *aphis vastator*, lately placed some of those insects on a healthy plant, which they destroyed with symptoms precisely similar to those which affected the crop last year all over Europe.

A bed of oysters has been discovered at a short distance from Catania, in Sicily. They are small, but succulent, and among them are some which a committee of naturalists pronounce to be a species known to the Romans, and which in the time of Cicero were called the Ears of Venus.

A PACIFIC NEGRO COMMUNITY (AT ANNABON, AN ISLAND NEAR THE COAST OF AFRICA).—These simple islanders seem to be wholly unacquainted with weapons of every kind; the only sharp instrument which they possess is a knife, which they carry by their side for the purpose of cutting up cocoa-nuts, when they are hungry or thirsty. On my offering to barter my dagger for one of these knives, the negro at once tried its virtue upon an unripe cocoa-nut; but, as the back of the blade was too thick for his purpose, he could not easily cut the fruit, and therefore returned it to me, saying that it was good for nothing. I then explained to him the real use of a dagger, upon which he seemed horrified, and left me under evident apprehension.

It is a gratifying fact, that during two whole centuries, this little nation has never had occasion to take up arms against any disturber of its tranquillity.—*Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in Southwestern Africa, by Dr. Tams, a German Physician.*

THE BEAUTIES OF TRIAL BY JURY.—SIMPLE DIVISION.—At the recent Maidstone assizes, an action was brought by Mr. Gardener, of the Globe Tavern, Mile-end-road, near Bow, against the directors of the North Woolwich Railway Company, for trespass. The damages were laid at £1,000, and the defendant had paid £75 into court. Some dispute arose among the jury as to the precise amount of damages to which the plaintiff was entitled, when one of the jury suggested that each of them should write on a slip of paper the sum they conceived equivalent for that purpose. The suggestion was acted upon, the aggregate amount of the whole ascertained, and divided by 12, which gave £137 damages. This verdict was actually given in and recorded.

An editor cleverly hits off the late Wisconsin extension of the rights of suffrage (to aliens who have not yet sworn allegiance to the United States), by presuming that the next step in "progress" will be to extend the privilege of American voting *to Irishmen intending to emigrate.*

The King of Holland has strongly recommended the Emperor of Japan to throw open his country to Europeans, so as not to run the risk of being bombarded into civilisation like the Chinese.

NEW KIND OF PAPER.—Dr. Oschatz has discovered the art of making very good paper from wood, without the aid of nitric acid, or great mechanical force. He cuts or separates the elementary fibres, deprives them of their brittleness, and thus obtains a mass of paper, which, by means of a little hammering, is transformed into an excellent, strong, and smooth paper.

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